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THE ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION IN BULGARIA.
SKETCHES BY JOSEPH RIEDEL.



ABDUCTION OF PRINCE ALEXANDER FROM THE PALACE AT SOFIA.



MILITARY CONSPIRATORS FORCING OPEN PRINCE ALEXANDER'S BED-ROOM DOOR.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The French illustrated papers, both serious and comic, are full of portraits of the eminent French chemist, M. Michel Eugène Chevreul, the celebration of whose centenary has sent the mercurial Parisians wild with enthusiasm. A Chevreul statue, gala performances at the theatres, a grand ceremony at the Museum of Natural History, a torchlight procession, and a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, have served to mark the joy felt by Paris at the fact that M. Chevreul has given one more triumphant demonstration of the fact so gravely doubted by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis.

A hundred years of age! Many of us can carry back our memories to the time when we were three or four years of age. If the mental faculties of the good old French *savant* be yet unimpaired, he might just remember to have seen Maximilian Robespierre, his broken jaw tied up with a blood-stained kerchief, on his way to that guillotine to which he had sent so many hundreds of noble victims. Napoleon the Great the centenarian might have known personally; and, by-the-way, if M. Chevreul's memory be very retentive, he might be able to solve a problem which seems to have sorely puzzled a correspondent of mine who has been reading, in a London daily paper, a leading article on the death of an ancient Austrian worthy who in his early manhood had been valet-de-chambre to the poor young Duke of Reichstadt.

Napoleon's only legitimate son was born King of Rome; and, in the leading article in question it was stated that the news of his birth was "borne through the darkness of the night" by the telegraph from the Palace of the Tuilleries to the Hotel of the Invalids. How, asks my correspondent, could this have been, seeing that electric telegraphy was not practically discovered until 1838? Practically, of course, such was the case; but, as a matter of fact, a proposal for a subterranean electric telegraph was made in England so early as 1812.

Now, in the case of the baby King of Rome, I apprehend that the tidings of his coming into the world were not "borne" but "flashed" through the darkness of the night. Torch-light telegraphy was extensively resorted to in France under the First Empire. In the daytime the semaphore was used. Do you remember that queer-looking machine (I mind one standing over the façade of the Admiralty in Whitehall about 1835), all legs and arms, which, from time to time, would be jerked about in the most bewildering manner, as though the timbers had suddenly become sentient, and had got St. Vitus's dance?

Mem. No. 1: Nocturnal or "flashing" telegraphy is as old as the days of Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame.

Mem. No. 2: Why do the French call our St. Vitus's dance, "La Danse de Saint Guy"? Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," seems to be uncertain as to whether the name of the noble young Sicilian who, with Crescentia and her husband, Modestus, suffered martyrdom during the persecution of Diocletian, was Vitus or Guy. And why, again, do our neighbours across the "silver streak" give to St. Médard the attributes which we give to St. Swithin?

That distressing tithe squabble between the Rev. Evan Evans and the farmers down in the beautiful vale of Clwyd—a squabble in which the neighbouring colliers and quarrymen, who pay no tithes, and the London Socialists, who, to all appearance, do not wish to pay anything to anybody, have unwarrantably interfered—incites me to ask a question which some kind reader versed in the records of our Civil Service may be able to answer. Seven-and-forty years ago, one of my brothers (dead long, long, ago) was a clerk in the offices of the Tithe Commissioners. The board had its *habitat* in Somerset-place, hard by King's College; and its secretary was, if I remember right, a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers—Captain, afterwards Colonel, Dawson. Is the Tithe Commission yet in existence; or were its functions merged in those of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; or did it "expire unawares," like Morality in the Dunciad?

I ask the question because, over and over again in 1839-40, my brother used to tell me triumphantly that the tithe question was at length, after a bitter controversy of more than two hundred years' duration, definitively settled. He used to work overtime, and to bring home old black-letter deeds which I helped him to decipher, and parochial maps and plans which I helped him to trace. But how about the "definitive settlement" of the tithe difficulty? Could not the matter be really settled by a fresh Act of Parliament, short, lucid, and comprehensive, consolidating all former statutes? I am aware that the greater part of England and Wales is now tithe-free; but in parishes of which the Incumbent's income is derived from tithes, if the reverend gentleman does not get his legal dues, the reverend gentleman must starve, which is by no means a consummation to be wished, devoutly or otherwise.

Mem.: Read crabbed but interesting old Sir Henry Spelman's "Greater Work on Tythes," and you will learn what the Kentish farmers in the reign of Charles I. thought about being compelled to pay tithes.

In dear old *Notes and Queries* of Aug. 23 I have been reading a singularly able and impartial "note" on the character of the "infamous" Judge Jeffreys, Jeffries, or Jefferys. Was he altogether infamous? According to Macaulay, there was scarcely a redeeming trait in the character of the furious Chancellor; but then the illustrious Thomas Babington was certainly not conspicuous for his impartiality. The writer in *Notes and Queries* would seem, on the whole, to be of opinion that Jeffreys' nature was inscrutably enigmatical.

On the other hand, he must have had a keen sense of humour. He was, undoubtedly, the inventor of those "Judge and Jury Societies," which some years ago were among the coarsest amusements of the town. I read in Foss's "Judges of England," s.v. "Jeffreys":—

His elevation made no change in his manners. At a dinner which he gave, and at which Reresby was present, he not only drank deep, but made one of his gentlemen, named Mountfort, an excellent mimic, who had been an actor, plead before him in a feigned cause, during which he aped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tones, their actions, and their gestures, to the great diversion of the company.

Did the "excellent mimic" who had been an actor return to the stage after the collapse of his patron? And was he the Will Mountfort, or Mountford, who was killed by Lord Mohun's led-captain in the fray about Mrs. Bracegirdle?

Mr. "Cocksure," adopting this time the signature of "Pepper Caster," makes an assertion and asks a question. "There is no such soup," writes the confident Pepper Caster, "as mulligatawny. Do you know how to boil rice?" First, for the assertion. There is such a soup, and a very good pottage it is in cold weather. It is sometimes spelt mullagatawny; Ogilvie and Annandale give both forms. But the orthography of the English word is not of the slightest moment, as mulligatawny is simply an Anglo-Indian corruption of the Tamil compound word *milagu-tannir* (pepper-water). Popular belief ascribes the origin of mulligatawny to the Madras Presidency; and members of the Madras Civil Service are popularly known as "Mulls."

Now for Pepper Caster's question. I can boil rice, and fry it, and make it into risotto, and dress it, West Indian fashion, with cabbage and capsicums and red haricots; and I can make pilaf and *pollo con arroz*, and rice-puddings and rice-milk, simply because my mother, who was a West Indian, and consequently an admirable judge of cookery, had all her children systematically taught to cook. My culinary training was continued in the year 1851 by the late Alexis Soyer, author of "The Gastronomic Regenerator." It was completed by a course extending over many years of diplomatic dinners (to say nothing of restaurants) in nearly every capital city in the world; and if Pepper Caster will be so kind as to call on me, I shall be most happy to boil him, even as one of the O'Briens, the Irish giants, was boiled in a back-kitchen copper at Earl's-court, Brompton; and serve him (Pepper Caster, not the giant) up with sharp sauce, hot.

While on matters culinary I can only express a hope that all the great City refreshment contractors are enjoying their well-earned holidays far away from the office of the *Observer*; but if any purveyors of turtle-soup are in town, I fear that, ere long, there will be weeping in the Strand. I read in last Sunday's issue of the journal just named—

The great sea conger-eel has long been deservedly considered a tough, coarse, unwholesome, flavourless fish. People may sometimes, in desperation, attack a conger cutlet, "à l'Indien"; but the result is usually unsatisfactory. The conger that finds its way to Billingsgate is boiled down to serve as the substratum or solid material of turtle-soup.

I had always understood that the "substratum" of turtle-soup, that is to say, its "stock," was of a liquid and not a solid nature; but let that pass. It is the conger-eel allegation that I leave to the consideration of the vendors of turtle-soup. I believe myself that the liquids and solids in turtle-soup mainly consist of real turtle. Sir Henry Thompson, it is well known, is of an entirely different opinion; and, as it is not feasible to obtain the evidence of the turtle and the conger-eels themselves, the question must remain a moot one.

Is the weather so very cool, my dear Mr. George Bentley; is ice so cheap, are lemon squashes given away for nothing, that you should send me such a very inflammatory novel as "Vendetta," (three vols.) by Marie Corelli? The three tomes of this alarming work are bound in sanguinolent crimson; and figured on each is a hand clutching the hilt of a dagger. Blood, Iago, blood! I am reading "Vendetta" (figuratively speaking) with a wet cloth round my head, and my feet in a basin of iced and camphorated water; but ere I reach the end of the Signora or Signorina Corelli's appalling romance, dreadful consequences will, I fear, accrue. Possibly, human gore. Naples, the cholera, matrimony (very much matrimony), jealousy, the stiletto, and the Silent Tomb in which brigands have buried their treasures! I shudder; but I continue to read "Vendetta," just as, when I was a child, I used to shudder over the "Mysteries of Udolpho."

En revanche, a brightly interesting, graphic, humorous book is Mr. Charles Du Val's "With a Show through Southern Africa, with Personal Reminiscences of the Transvaal War" (Tinsley). As the work is in its second edition, and as it may have been reviewed on its first appearance while I was out of town, I will say nothing about its literary merits beyond hinting that the perusal of Mr. Du Val's pleasant pages has inspired me with a vehement desire to visit South Africa (with a show, of course) at the earliest possible opportunity.

I have just one word to say about one of the speakers at the Paris Trades Union Congress. This gentleman (a Mr. Norton, I think), as a delegate from the working men of New South Wales, delivered a violent diatribe against New South Wales capitalists, squatters, and importers of English goods; and he was especially liberal in his abuse of the Chinese in Australia.

I have no intention of entering, in this page, into any kind of controversy respecting capital and labour, either in this country or at the Antipodes. But I wish to state a simple verity which ought to be better known than it is on this side the water—namely, that the Chinaman is treated even more disgracefully in Australia than he is in California. The Australians are in many respects the laziest people under the sun: they are, in particular, neglectful in the cultivation of vegetables—save in Tasmania and at Adelaide; and were it not for the indefatigable industry of the Chinese, who have an unsolicited monopoly of market-gardening in Victoria and New

South Wales; the people of those colonies would have nothing to eat with the meat (of which they eat thrice as much every day as they properly should do) except bread and potatoes, and ere long they would be seized by scurvy and die like sheep with the rot. Fifty times, while travelling in the bush, have we asked for some green vegetables with our meals, and have been told that there were none, because "the Chinaman" had not been there that morning.

Sincere regret will be felt not only in fashionable society but in political and literary circles at the death of Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, the third son of the fifth Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and brother to the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Lord Henry was only sixty-five at the time of his demise, which took place at Eastbourne on Saturday, Aug. 28. He had been a Westminster boy; was an M.A. of Oxford, and was forty years Conservative member of Chichester. He had filled several public posts: had been twice a Lord of the Treasury, First Secretary to the Admiralty, and First Commissioner of Works. He earned, during his tenure of the last-named office, the gratitude of all lovers of archaeology, for it was partly under Lord Henry's direction that the magnificent work of restoration in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey was completed. He had another claim to admiration and esteem. He was one of the kindest and most affectionate creatures that ever breathed.

Mem.: The late Lord should have been well advanced in the task which he set himself before I left England at the end of '84—that of writing his *Reminiscences*. These *Reminiscences* should cover a large and interesting tract of political ground, for Lord Henry had been précis-writer to Lord Aberdeen; and one of his most voluminous correspondents was Lord Beaconsfield.

Here is a question, which, although I have done my best, I am unable to answer with certainty. A correspondent has a valuable gold watch, in a shagreen case; and, through a fall, the case has got broken in two or three places, and he wishes to have it mended. But he cannot discover any manufacturer of or dealer in shagreen, and he wishes to know whether shagreen-making has become a dead industry.

Of course, one only has to go to the technological dictionaries to learn that real shagreen is the prepared skin of the shark, the sea-otter, the seal, &c., and that an imitation shagreen is a species of leather prepared without tanning from the skin of the horse, the ass, the camel, &c., the granular texture being artificially produced. But I could find no mention of any shagreen manufacturer in the most recent Post Office London Directory; so, in sore dubiety, I wired to Mr. Zachendorf, of York-street, Covent-garden, who binds so many of my books so very beautifully for me that he is gradually reducing me to a condition of elegant pauperism. This obliging gentleman came down at once, bringing with him a specimen of real fish-shagreen, the cover of an old book, hard and unyielding, and a strip of modern leather shagreen, tough but pliant. He told me that any bookbinders' leather-seller would supply leather-shagreen, but that he did not know whether fish-shagreen was still made.

Mem. No. 1: Perhaps the manufacturers of bags, purses, and slippers from crocodile skin may know something about fish-shagreen. And I have a dim notion that from this article surgical instruments and spectacle cases are still made in Paris. Try an optician's in the Passage Jouffroy

Mem. No. 2: The *Peau de Chagrin* in Balzac's famous novel was the prepared skin of the onager or wild ass. The proprietor of the *Peau de Chagrin* possessed the power of the owner of a four-leaved shamrock. Every conceivable wish that he could form was instantly granted; but simultaneously the shagreen shrank in dimensions. When at length the holder of this fatal gift wished to slay his adversary in a duel, he had his desire; but the *Peau de Chagrin* shrank into a tiny pellicle, which he could hold in the hollow of his hand. Soon after he died. Why has there been no thoroughly good English translation of Honoré De Balzac's weird romance?

A week or so ago, I pointed out that the fair sex were having, from a legal point of view, rather a good time of it, and that a working-class wife could obtain, by a mere magisterial order, granted "free, gratis, and for nothing," a judicial separation from a brutal husband, with adequate alimony, whereas a poor man cursed with a drunken and violent wife had no means whatever of getting rid of her. This week two more men of the respectable artisan class have applied to Mr. Partridge for judicial separations from their wives, whom they allege to be "unbearable"; but all that the magistrate could do was to tell these disconsolate Darbies to bring their Joans before him, and then, his Worship added, he would punish them for assault.

But Darby does not wish to have Joan punished. The only objection that I can see to the enactment of a law for the relief of husbands from "unbearable" wives would be the almost certainty of the woman going, immediately and irremediably, to the bad, and finding herself, a week after the granting of the separation order, an inmate of a workhouse or a jail. So Darby must "grin and bear it," and hope that, some of these days, Joan will don the blue ribbon. On no account must he treat her as Jobson treats his wife, Nell, in the farce of "The Devil to Pay." "I'll hoop your barrel," the irascible Jobson is continually vociferating, prior to his correcting his spouse with a strap.

Mem.: "I'll hoop your barrel" for "I'll beat you" is a very vigorous Saxon colloquialism, now, I should say, practically obsolete.

Most London loiterers of long standing are aware of the blind net-maker who, in all weathers, pursued his harmless calling on the footway on the northern side of St. Martin's Church. I have known him for I cannot remember how long; and his dog—a most faithful tyke—was a regular pensioner of a person inexpressibly dear to me. "G. B." (Whitehall-place) writes to tell me that the poor old blind net-maker has lost his friend and companion; his guide and protector, I may say. I am trying to help him to a new dog. If any kind reader will send the veriest trifles in stamps, I will forward the donation to "G. B." who has taken a generous interest in the case.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

The extraordinary incident that took place at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, on Saturday, the 21st ult., was briefly narrated in our last. It was a political and personal outrage, of such a character as has rarely occurred in the modern history of Europe—the sudden arrest and deportation of a reigning Prince by a gang of conspirators in conjunction with his foreign enemies. By this act the liberties of the Bulgarian nation were as grossly violated as the Sovereign rights of the Sultan, under whose legitimate sanction its ruler had been appointed, and those of the European Powers under the international treaty regulating the government of that Principality. These are considerations even more grave than the sympathy which is generally felt for Prince Alexander, whose conduct since his accession has been loyal, brave, and faithful to his public engagements; while the recent addition of Eastern Roumelia to his dominion has obtained the formal assent of the Treaty Powers; and he has gallantly and successfully defended the country against the unprovoked hostilities of Servia, winning the esteem and gratitude of the Bulgarian nation and its army.

The Prince, as our readers are aware, is Prince Alexander of Battenberg, of the Hesse-Darmstadt Battenberg family, brother to Prince Louis of Battenberg, who married Princess Victoria of Hesse, grand-daughter of our Queen Victoria (being daughter of the late Princess Alice) and to Prince Henry of Battenberg, the husband of our Princess Beatrice. Prince Alexander was born April 5, 1857, and is thus in the thirtieth year of his age. He has served in the German army, and has held a commission in the Russian army. He is first cousin to the present Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, whose mother, the late Empress, was sister to Prince Alexander of Hesse, father of Prince Alexander of Battenberg. On April 29, 1879, Prince Alexander of Battenberg was elected Prince of Bulgaria, in conformity with the Treaty of Berlin, by unanimous vote of the Bulgarian Constituent Assembly, confirmed by the Sultan of Turkey; and he assumed the government on June 23 of that year. His title is hereditary; and, in case of his absence, the Sobranje, or National Assembly, is to appoint a Regency, to consist of three persons, whose powers are to be determined by special law. These and other constitutional provisions are guaranteed by the Treaty of Berlin.

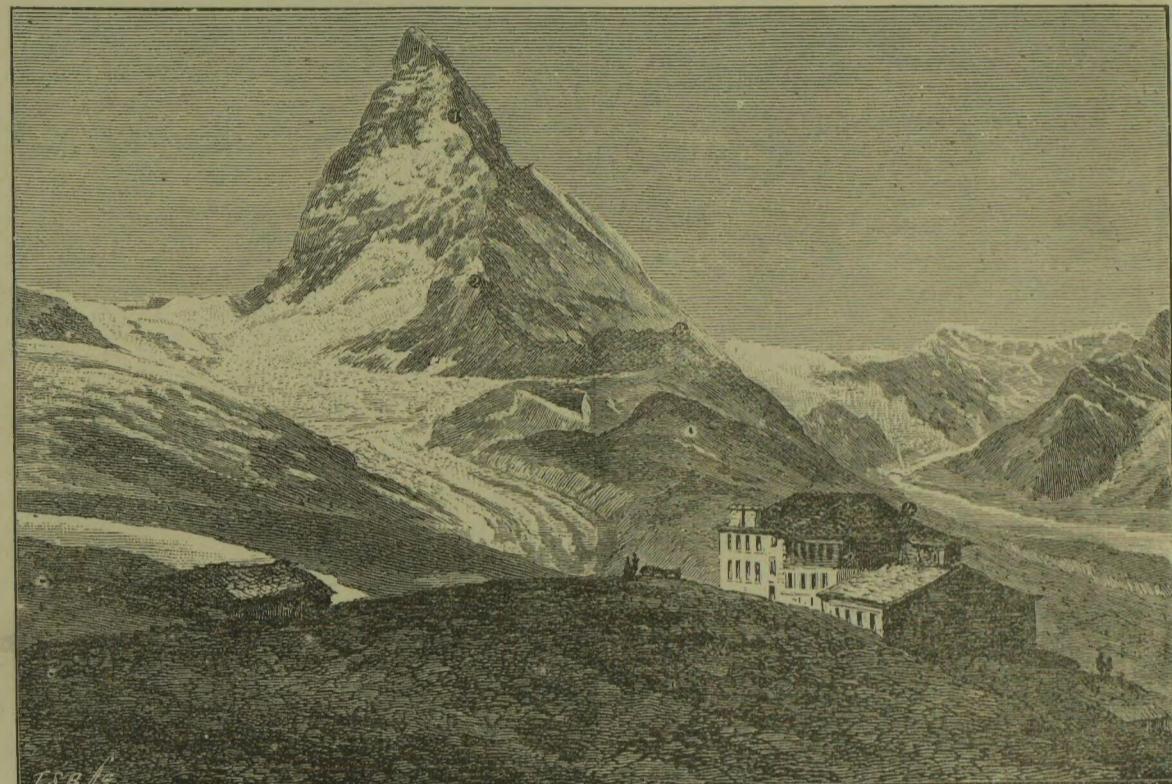
Some anxiety was felt last week for the personal safety of Prince Alexander, who had been kidnapped and carried off in a steam-boat on the Danube. We are glad to say now that he is not only safe and free, but has returned to Bulgaria, where the conspiracy was quickly suppressed by the authorities, with the support of the people and of the army, and he has been greeted with enthusiastic affection. He was conveyed down the Danube to the Russian frontier of Bessarabia, and landed on Wednesday, the 25th ult., at Reni, where he was treated with much Russian courtesy, but was allowed to proceed by railway to Lemberg, in the Austrian-Polish province of Galicia, arriving there on Friday afternoon. He was intending to go on through Breslau to Germany, and to his father's residence at Darmstadt; but was met at Lemberg by Prince Louis of Battenberg, and by the news of the counter-revolution in Bulgaria, with earnest requests from his subjects to return to them immediately. M. Stambuloff, President of the Bulgarian National Assembly, with Colonel Montkourov, commander of the troops in Eastern Roumelia, assisted by M. Nacevics and others, and supported by the officers and soldiers of the principal garrisons at Sofia, Tarnova, Rustchuk, and Philippopolis, had constituted a Regency, amidst the acclamations of the people of all classes, in the name of Prince Alexander. They had arrested M. Zankoff and the other ringleaders of the conspiracy, and put them in prison. The usurpation, in fact, continued scarcely forty-eight hours, and was opposed by the whole country outside the revolted regiments at Sofia. The Metropolitan, Archbishop Clement, took part in the usurping Administration. On being informed at Lemberg of the change in the situation, Prince Alexander decided to return at once; and, with his two brothers, Prince Louis and Prince Franz Joseph of Battenberg, travelled to Bucharest on his way back; there he was met, on Sunday morning, by M. Bratiiano, the Minister of the King of Roumania, with hearty congratulations, and by Sir William White, the British Minister. At Giurgevo, on the Danube, opposite Rustchuk, a Bulgarian flotilla awaited him, and M. Stambuloff, with numerous official and popular deputations, paid their loyal homage to the Prince. Crossing to the Bulgarian side, where 15,000 of his troops were ready to salute him, the Prince was conducted under a triumphal arch to the drill-ground of the fortress; there he was surrounded by the officers of the garrison, who crowned him with flowers, caught him up in their arms, and carried him in triumph to the palace. He was received on Monday at Sistova and Tarnova with great enthusiasm, and would go on to Philippopolis, before returning to Sofia.

We have now an authentic account of what took place at Sofia on the 21st ult., in the capture and abduction of Prince Alexander, with the attempt to make him sign an act of abdication. This account is given by Prince Louis of Battenberg, to whom the particulars were related by his brother. The 1st Regiment, which furnished the palace guard, the Kustendil battalion, the officers of the Dunker Military School, and some Artillery and Engineer officers, were concerned in the plot, which was perhaps known to some Russian emissaries at Sofia. It was two hours after midnight when the palace guard rushed into the Prince's sleeping apartment. A friendly officer thrust a revolver into his hand, and whispered to him "Save yourself." The Prince rose, and hastened down the staircase leading to the conservatory, but was met and stopped by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. He went back to his bed-chamber, in which he found a number of officers, who advanced towards him with cocked and outstretched revolvers. Some of them had supped with him the evening before. One of them, who was drunk, tore a page out of an entry book, and traced upon it some illegible words, while the others forced the Prince to a table, exclaiming "Sign." Thus sorely pressed, and threatened by their revolvers pointed at his head, the Prince wrote under the unintelligible scribble "God protect Bulgaria.—ALEXANDER." During this scene one Captain Benderoff behaved with ruffianly impudence. Raising his pistol and flourishing it before his Sovereign's face, he called out, "Aha! you see all this comes of your not having made a Major of me." After thus signing what was evidently meant to be his abdication, Prince Alexander was dragged off to the War Ministry, to which his brother, Prince Francis Joseph, had also been brought. After remaining there about two hours, the two brothers were taken away in separate carriages, each sitting between two of the conspirator officers, who kept their revolvers constantly pointed at the heads of their prisoners. Beside each coachman sat a pupil of the Military School. When the Prince drove away from the War Ministry there were at least forty officers standing about, grinning at him with their hands in their pockets. The first night was spent by the Prince in a convent, about twenty-five miles from Sofia. During his drive to the Danube, whenever he opened his lips to ask this

or that, he was invariably met with the answer, "Silence, or you are a dead man." Embarked on the steamer, the two princely brothers were locked in the cabin, the door of which was guarded by two officers with drawn swords. The heat was so intense that at last Prince Alexander put his head out at the window to breathe a little fresh air, but he was at once thrust back by the bayonets of two soldiers. On Tuesday afternoon the steamer arrived at Reni, where the conspirators sought to find someone on shore, in the Russian territory, to whom they could deliver up the two Princes, but not succeeding in this they put back the steamer for the night. Meanwhile, a Lieutenant-Colonel, in command of the Russian troops there, had turned up, and next morning the two brothers were taken ashore, under strict surveillance, and given in custody at the Mayorality. Prince Alexander was shown a telegram from St. Petersburg, signed by Minister Obrutschew, which ran:—"Prince Alexander of Battenberg (not of Bulgaria, be it noted) may continue his journey, but only via Lemberg or Warsaw." On Thursday morning the Prince started in a special train, which had been ordered by the Russian Government, as it would not let him use an ordinary one. In the train with the Prince were a lieutenant of police and several gendarmes. At the second station from Reni it stopped; and the princely traveller was accosted by a high Government official, who demanded 600 roubles down as the price of the train, otherwise it would not proceed further. Happening to have as much cash with him, the Prince paid for the special train, and it then went on. At Bender, it again stopped for an hour and a half, and at every carriage door stood a gendarme with fixed bayonet. Besides

THE DEATH ON THE MATTERHORN.

That singular Alpine peak, of sublime but forbidding and terrible aspect, which rises above the valley of Zermatt, has been fatal to several Englishmen. The disaster of 1865, when Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, the Rev. C. Hudson, and the guide, Michael Croz, fell, by the breaking of a rope, down a precipice of 4000 ft., and were of course killed—one of their bodies has never been found—is still remembered, having been related by their companion, Mr. Whymper, and illustrated by his artistic pencil. This mountain is 14,705 ft. high, which is 500 ft. less than the height of Monte Rosa, but its ascent was one of the most difficult of Alpine feats to the first adventurers; since then, by fixing chains and cutting steps in certain places, it has been rendered somewhat less perilous; but it is always extremely fatiguing. Mr. F. C. Burckhardt, a Swiss gentleman naturalised in England, and residing at St. Albans, on the 17th ult., accomplished the ascent early in the morning, accompanied by Mr. J. Davis and two experienced guides; but in coming down encountered a violent snowstorm. The guides, Peters Aufdemblatten and Fridolin Kronig, of Zermatt, allowed them to halt, at seven o'clock in the evening, under a rock, on the arête just below the shoulder, where Dr. Moseley was killed a few years ago. They hoped that the storm would soon cease, but it continued thirty-six hours without intermission. All through the following night and morning, till noon on the Wednesday, the four men remained on the rock, at the place shown in our Illustration. Mr. Burckhardt was completely exhausted, and his condition was worse after the long halt than before. They had no cognac,



1. The spot where Mr. Burckhardt was left alone and died.
2. Hut where guides and Mr. Davis met relief party coming up.

3. The Hörnli, a ridge 9492 ft. above sea-level.
4. The Riffel Hotel, above Zermatt.

THE MATTERHORN, SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE MR. BURCKHARDT DIED.

a large crowd who leered in through the carriage windows, the platform was occupied by the officers of the Russian dragoon regiment whose chief is Prince Alexander of Hesse, and of which his son, the Prince of Bulgaria, was one before his name was struck from the Russian Army List.

Our Illustrations of the scenes at Sofia on the 21st ult., the conspirators breaking into the Prince's room, carrying him away, and conducting him to the office of the War Ministry, are from sketches by a Polish artist, M. Joseph Riedel, of Cracow, who happened to be at Sofia on these eventful days. Prince Alexander has received the most friendly messages from the King of Servia and the King of Roumania, as well as from the British Government. The Russian Government denies all knowledge of the plot.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

A total eclipse of the sun took place on Sunday. It was invisible in Europe. In 1883 those astronomers who wished to utilise the few valuable moments during which the light of the sun was extinguished by the interference of the dark body of the moon had to travel about 15,000 miles and encamp on a coral reef. Last year any European or American astronomers would have had to travel to New Zealand for the same purpose. The eclipse this year began in the isthmus of Panama, skirted the northern shores of South America, passed across the Atlantic to Benguela, and, crossing Africa to near Sofala, ended in Madagascar. Only two spots were favourably situated for use as observing stations—namely, the vicinity of Grenada and Benguela. The British expedition proceeded to Grenada. A telegram from this place on Sunday states:—"Good photometric observations were made by Professor Thorpe. The light during the middle of totality was less than from the full moon. Good corona pictures were taken by Captain Darwin and Dr. Schuster." It was noticed that the corona extended nearly two diameters from the sun, and exhibited a feathery structure at the poles. The spectrum was similar to that of the eclipse of 1883, observed on the Caroline Islands.

Mr. E. Lycett Green, eldest son of Sir E. Green, M.P., has accepted the mastership of the York and Ainsty Hunt.

In the memoir of the family of the Marquis of Londonderry, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, accompanying his portrait last week, it was stated that his Lordship's father, the fifth Marquis, sat in the House of Commons twenty-six years as M.P. for the county of Down. It was his half-brother, the fourth Marquis, who sat in the House of Commons, having inherited only the Irish peerages. The younger son of the third Marquis, by a second wife, who was heiress of Sir Henry Vane-Tempest, succeeded to the English peerages granted to his father in 1823, as Earl Vane, Viscount Seaham, and Baron Stewart; he thereupon sat in the House of Lords as Baron Stewart, a Peer of the United Kingdom, from 1854, on the death of his father; and he became fifth Marquis of Londonderry, in the old Irish peerage, at the decease of his half-brother, in 1872.

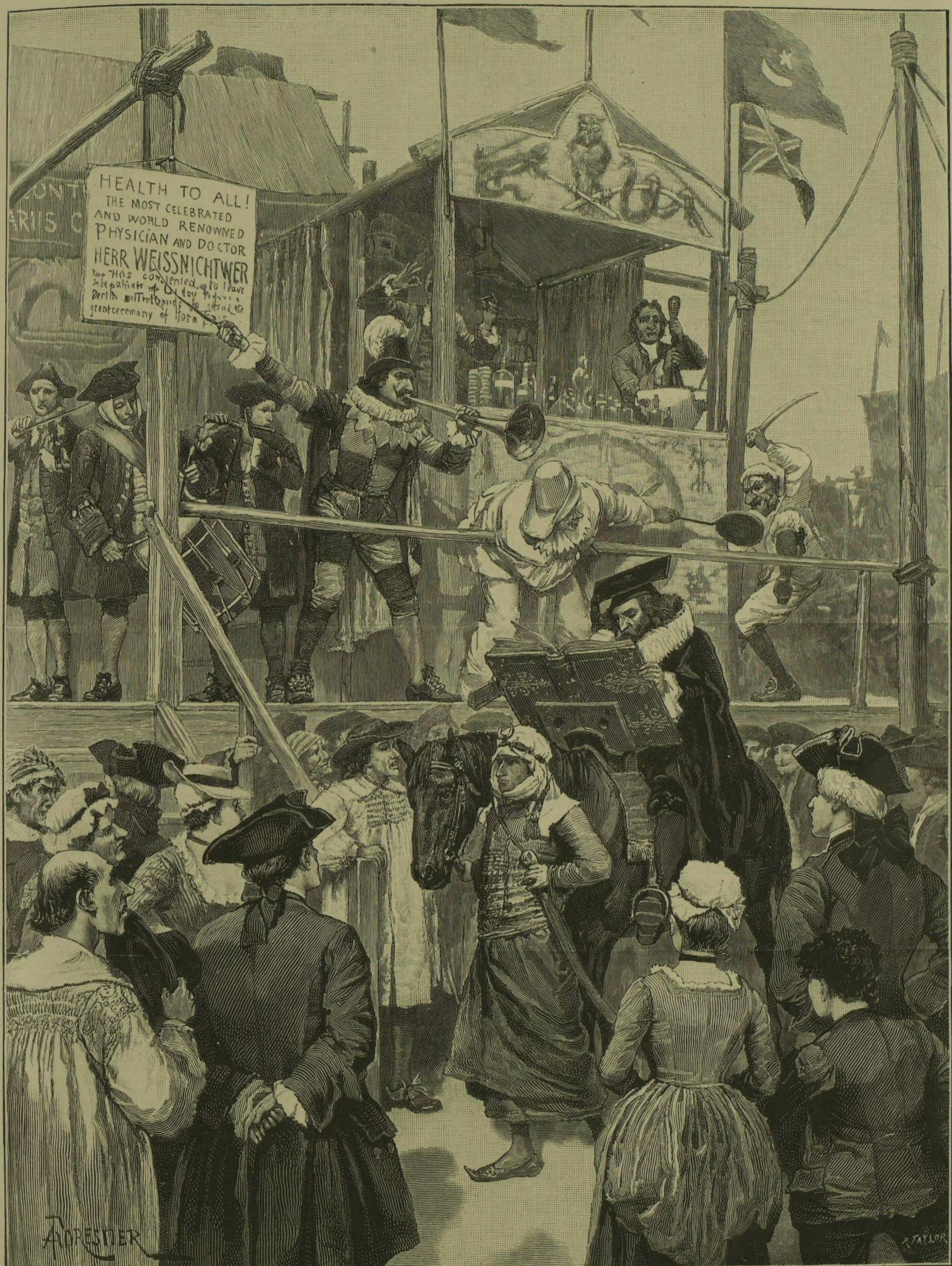
and their wine was frozen. Mr. Burckhardt and Mr. Davis, feeling that all hope was gone, begged the guides to descend to save their own lives, and to leave them to die, but asked as a last request that they might be buried in the churchyard of the English church at Zermatt. The guides refused to leave them, and often implored them to make the effort to advance. Mr. Burckhardt vainly tried to rise; and Mr. Davis and the guides found it impossible to hold him up. Hour after hour, exposed as he was to the storm and the snow, he gradually became weaker, until at last he lapsed into complete unconsciousness. At twelve o'clock at noon on Wednesday, just forty-five hours after the party had left Zermatt, the signal call of the relief party, who had been sent out to search for them, was heard. Unfortunately, it was supposed they were much nearer than they actually were. The guides then implored Mr. Davis to descend with them to the hut where they had slept on Monday night, 3965 ft. below the summit; adding, what they believed to be true, that the relief party were near at hand, and would soon rescue his friend, whom they were powerless to carry down the perilous descent in his state of utter collapse. Mr. Davis reluctantly consented, and after a severe struggle in the storm, reached the hut, almost lifeless from exhaustion. The relief party soon afterwards approached the hut, and were told where Mr. Burckhardt had been left, and in what a condition. The relief party continued the ascent as quickly as it was possible, but were soon stopped by a steep snow slope which had become more than ordinarily dangerous. In order to dislodge it huge stones were hurled upon it for more than half an hour. When the loose snow had been started, they passed over, and at last reached the ledge where Mr. Burckhardt had rested, where they found, to their unutterable dismay and grief, that they had arrived too late, and that Mr. Burckhardt was dead.

Another relief party was subsequently sent out, and the body was carried down with great difficulty to Zermatt, where it was reverently placed in the English church, of which the Colonial and Continental Church Society are the trustees. On the following day the funeral took place; it was conducted by the Rev. W. H. Ranken, the Society's Chaplain at Zermatt, and Vicar of Christ Church, Surbiton, who was accompanied by the Rev. Glendinning Nash, Vicar of Christ Church, Woburn-square, the Rev. W. Lefroy, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, and the Rev. Baring-Gould, Vicar of St. Michael's, Blackheath. The churchwardens were Mr. C. H. Bousfield, one of the committee of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and Mr. J. A. Strachan, one of the committee of the Church Missionary Society. The grave of Mr. Burckhardt is between the buttresses on the north side of the church, at the west end, and is near the graves of Mr. Gabbet, who was killed on the Dent Blanche, and of Mr. Pattison and Mr. Lewis, who perished on the Lyskamm. We are indebted to the Rev. Glendinning Nash for a photograph of the scene of the recent disaster, and for the above account of it.

The Emperor of Austria left Vienna for Buda-Pesth last Saturday, to attend the military manoeuvres in Hungary.



COSTUME CHARACTERS IN THE GRAND PAGEANT AT RIPON, YORKSHIRE.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Room for the Doctor, gentlemen! Room for the Doctor!" and the people parted right and left, while, mounted on a black steed, that learned person rode very slowly towards the stage.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

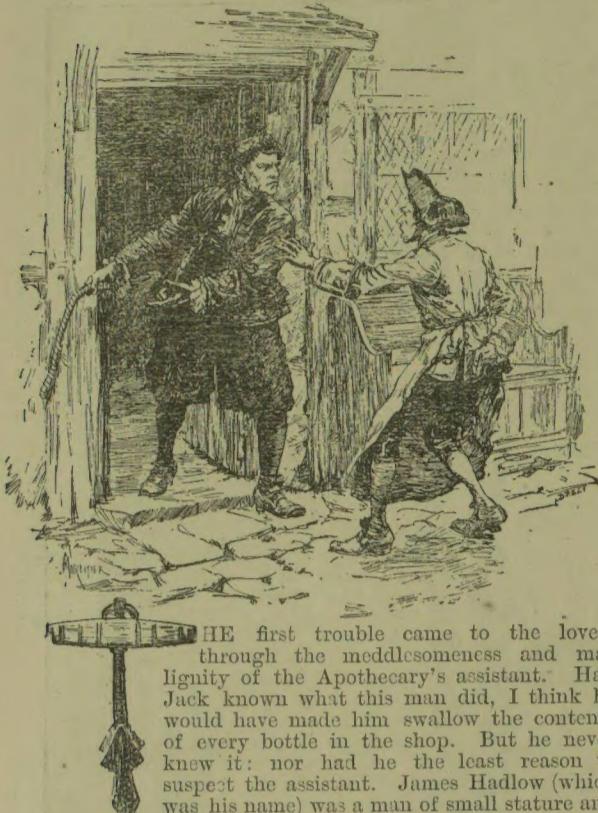
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEDDLESOME ASSISTANT.



HE first trouble came to the lovers through the meddlesomeness and malignity of the Apothecary's assistant. Had Jack known what this man did, I think he would have made him swallow the contents of every bottle in the shop. But he never knew it: nor had he the least reason to suspect the assistant. James Hadlow (which was his name) was a man of small stature and insignificant aspect, made ridiculous by his leathern apron, which covered the front of him from chin to toes, and was too long, having been made for a taller man, his predecessor. His eyes, as has been already stated, were, as to their movements, independent of each other. He seldom spoke, and went about his business steadily and quietly—a man apparently without passions, who had no more compassion for a sick man than for a log of wood; a man who never loved a woman or had a friend, and who, when he was afterwards knocked on the head in a waterman's house of call while dressing wounds caught in a drunken broil, left no one to lament his loss. Neither man nor woman in Deptford ever regarded him at all, any more than one regards the fellow who brings the wine at a tavern. Yet, which is a thing we should never forget, there is no man so meek that he cannot feel the passion of resentment, and none so weak that he cannot do his enemy a mischief. Now, for something that was said or done, or perhaps omitted—I know not what—this man conceived a malignant desire for revenge. I know not which of the three had offended him: perhaps Jack, who was masterful, and despised little and humble men; perhaps Mr. Brinjes himself, who was hard towards his servants; perhaps Bess. But, indeed, if a creeping thing stings one, do we stop to inquire why it hath done us this mischief?

Everybody in the town knew that Aaron Fletcher wanted to marry Bess, and that, in her pride, she would have nothing to say to him, and had refused him a dozen times. It was also known that Aaron went about saying that he would crack the crown of any man who ventured to make love to his girl—calling her openly his girl—even if he were a commissioned officer of the King. When so tall and stout a fellow promises this, young men, even brave men, are apt to consider whether another woman may not be found as beautiful. Therefore, for some time, those who would willingly have courted Bess kept away from her, and, in the long run, I am sure that Aaron would have triumphed, being constant in his affections as he was strong and brave. Unhappily for him, Jack Easterbrook returned. First of all, when Aaron came up from Gravesend, a few days later, and became a peaceful boat-builder again, in place of a smuggler, he began to watch and to spy upon the movements of Bess, employing a girl whose father worked for him at his boat-building, and lived in a house nearly opposite to that of Mr. Westmoreland. She reported that Bess stayed at home all day long, and though Lieutenant Easterbrook had been to the house, it was only to see her father, who came to the door and spoke with him there, and Bess never met him. So that, although Aaron heard the story of her recognising him in his rags, he thought little of that, and made up his mind that the Lieutenant had quite forgotten the girl, and cared no more about her, even if he had ever thought of her; and when Jack, by the grace of my Lords the Commissioners, appeared in his new uniform, he seemed to be so much raised above Bess in rank that it was impossible he should any longer think of her. Moreover, Aaron discovered that the Lieutenant's mornings were spent in the Yard, his afternoons with Mr. Brinjes, and his evenings at the tavern; so that, except for the fact that there was no woman at all in the daily history of the Lieutenant—a suspicious circumstance where a sailor is concerned—he felt satisfied. This officer would go away again soon; meantime he thought no more about Bess. When the Lieutenant was gone, his own chance would come. For my own part, I sincerely wish that things had been exactly as Aaron wished them to be—namely, that Jack had quite forgotten the girl, and that he had fallen in love with Castilla or someone else, and that Bess—wary of much importunity, or softened in heart—had accepted the hand of this great burly fellow, who loved her so constantly. Whereas—but you shall see.

It happened, however, one evening about eight o'clock, when Jack had been at home some three weeks, that Aaron, sitting alone in his house, which stood on one side of his boat-building yard, overlooking the river between the Upper and the Lower Water Gate, heard footsteps in his yard without. He rose, and opening the door called to know who was there at that time, and bade the visitor come to the house without more ado.

His visitor proved to be the man Hadlow.

"What the devil do you want?" asked Aaron. Mr. Brinjes himself was a man to be treated with the greatest respect, but his assistant, who was not credited with any magical powers, and could certainly not command rheumatics or give any more pain than is caused by the drawing of a tooth, was regarded with the contempt which attaches to the trade of mixing nauseous medicines. "What do you want

here, at this time? I have not sent for any of your bottles, and I don't want any of your leeches."

"I humbly ask your pardon, Mr. Fletcher. I have brought no bottles and no leeches."

"Then what are you come for?"

"I humbly ask your pardon again, Mr. Fletcher, seeing that I am but a poor well-wisher and admirer!"

Here Aaron discharged a volley of curses at the man, which made his knees to tremble.

"I have come, Mr. Fletcher, desiring to do my duty, though but a poor apothecary's assistant, who may one day become an apothecary myself; when, Sir, if a tooth wants to be drawn, or a fever to be reduced, or a rheumatism!"

Here Mr. Fletcher gave renewed proof of impatience.

"Then, Sir, I have come to tell you a thing which you ought to know."

"Say it out, then, man."

"First, I am afraid of angering you."

Mr. Fletcher turned and went back into his room, whence he emerged bearing a thick rope's-end about two and a half feet long. This, in the hands of so big and powerful a man as Aaron Fletcher, is a fearful weapon. He used it for the correction of his 'prentices; and it was very well known that there was nowhere a workshop where the 'prentices were better behaved or more industrious. Such was the wholesome terror caused by the brandishing of a rope's-end in the hands of this giant.

"Hark ye, mate!" he said, balancing this instrument, so that the assistant turned pale with terror, and his eyes rolled about all ways at once, "you have angered me already, and, if you anger me more, you shall taste the rope's-end. Wherefore, less no more time."

"It is about Bess Westmoreland. Oh, Mr. Fletcher!" for the boat-builder raised his arm. "Patience! Hear me out!" The arm went down. "It is about Bess Westmoreland. Everybody knows that you have"—here the arm went up again. "And it is about Lieutenant Easterbrook. Bess and the Lieutenant—oh, Sir! have patience till you hear what I have to tell you!"

"My patience will not last much longer. Death and the Devil, man! what do you mean by talking about Bess Westmoreland and Lieutenant Easterbrook? He has seen her but once since his return!"

"By your leave, Sir, he sees her every day."

Aaron threw the rope's-end from him with an oath. Then he caught the man by the coat-collar, and dragged him into the room.

"Come in here," he said. "By the Lord, if you are fooling me I will murder you!"

"If that is all," the man replied, "I have no fear. I am not fooling you, Mr. Fletcher; I am telling you the sober truth."

"Man, I know how the Lieutenant spends his time. He is all the morning in the Yard, looking at the ships and talking to the officers. In the afternoon he sits with Mr. Brinjes, and in the evening he drinks at the tavern. And as for the girl, she never sees him."

"You are wrong, Sir. But, oh! Mr. Fletcher, don't tell anyone I told you! The Lieutenant is the strongest man in the town—next to you, Sir—next to you—and the master can do dreadful things, if he chooses; and Bess herself in a rage—have you ever seen Bess in a rage?—oh, Sir, first promise me not to tell who gave you the intelligence."

"Do you want a bribe?"

"No; I want no bribe. I hate 'em—I hate 'em. And the one I hate most is the Lieutenant, because if I was nothing better than the dust beneath his feet, he couldn't treat me with more contempt."

"Go on, man. Tell me what you have to say and begone."

"He goes every afternoon to Mr. Brinjes."

"I know that."

"You think he goes to talk to the old man, I suppose? He does not, then. My master sleeps all the afternoon. If he didn't sleep, he would die. He says so. The Lieutenant goes there to make love to Bess."

Aaron turned pale.

"She comes in every day by the garden gate and the back door, so that no one should suspect. And no one knows except me. But I know; I have looked through the key-hole. Besides, I hear them talking. Every day she comes, every day they sit together, he with his arm round her waist, or round her neck playing with her hair, and she with her head upon his shoulder—kissing each other, and making love, while the master is sound asleep by the fire."

"Go on."

"When the master wakes up he laughs, and he says, 'Kiss her again, Jack.' Then he laughs again, and he wishes he was young again."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. For the Lord's sake, Mr. Fletcher, don't let anyone know who told you! Mr. Brinjes would kill me, I think; and mind you, Mr. Fletcher, whatever you do, remember that the master is able to kill you, and will too, if you harm the Lieutenant. He knows how to kill people by slow torture. There's a man in the town now, covered with boils and blains from head to foot, says it's the Apothecary hath bewitched him. Don't offend Mr. Brinjes, Sir!"

"My lad," said Aaron, grimly, "I doubt whether I ought not to take the rope's-end to your back for interfering with me and my concerns. Now, if you so much as dare to talk to any man in this place about what you have seen and told me—whatever happens afterwards—remember, whatever happens afterwards—it is not a rope's-end that I shall take to you, but a cudgel; and I shall not beat you black and blue, but I shall break every bone in your measly skin. Get out, ye miserable, sneakin', creepin' devil!"

That was all the thanks that the poor wretch Hadlow ever got for the mischief he had made; but the thought that he had made mischief consoled him. Something was now going to happen. So he went his way, contented with his evening's work.

Then Aaron sat down, and began to think what he should best do. He had been full of Christian charity towards the man who was not, after all, as he feared, his rival: there would be no more talk of quarrelling and fighting between them; the shilling need not be fought for; the Lieutenant belonged to a different rank; in course of time Bess would tire of her resistance, and would yield. Now all was altered again. His old rival was still a rival, and there must be fighting.

Presently he rose, and walked up the street to the Penman's house.

Mr. Westmoreland was at the tavern with his friends the Assistant Shipwright, the Sexton, and the Barber. Bess was sitting alone, with a candle and her work.

"Bess," said Aaron, "I want to have a serious talk with you; may I come in?"

"No, Aaron. Stand in the doorway, and talk there. I am not going to let anybody say that I let you into the house when father was out of it; but, if you want to talk foolishness, you can go away at once. It is high time to have done with foolishness."

Aaron obeyed—that is to say, he remained standing at the open door, and he said what he had to say.

"It is for your own good, Bess; though you won't believe that anything I say is for your own good."

"What is it, then?"

"It is this. Every afternoon you go to Mr. Brinjes' parlour to meet Lieutenant Easterbrook. You go out by your garden gate, so that no one may see or suspect, and the Lieutenant goes in by the shop. In the parlour, while the old man is asleep, you kiss each other and make love."

She sprang to her feet.

"Aaron, you are a spy!"

"I have been told this, but I did not spy it out for myself. Very well then, spy or not, think, Bess. The Lieutenant has never yet got appointed to a ship; perhaps he never will; he has got no money; he cannot marry you if he would; if he were to marry you the Admiral would never forgive him; if he doesn't want to marry you—why—there—Bess."

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked, trying not to lose her temper, because she had the sense to perceive that it would not please her lover if she quarrelled about him with this man. "Is that all, Aaron?"

"Why, I might say it a thousand times over; but it wouldn't amount to much more than this. He can't marry you if he wants to; and if he doesn't want to, a girl of your spirit ought to be too proud to listen to his talk."

"Aaron, you shall pay for this," cried Bess, with flaming eyes.

"You a lady, Bess? You to marry a King's officer? Know your own station, my girl. You are the daughter of the Penman, and you can neither read nor write. But there's a chance yet: send him packing first, and then you shall see."

"Aaron, you shall pay," she repeated; "you shall pay."

"I say, Bess, I will give you another chance. Before your name gets dragged in the mud and you become the town talk, send him packing, and you shall have me if you please. Bess, I love you better than the Lieutenant, for all he wears silk stockings. I love you in spite of yourself, Bess. You've been a fool, but you've been carried away by your woman's vanity, and there's not much harm done yet. Give him up, Bess, and you shall find me loving and true."

In his emotion his voice grew hoarse and thick. But he meant what he said, and it would have been better if Bess had taken him at his word on the spot. But she did not. She was carried away by her wrath, but yet so governed that she knew what she was saying.

"It is six years," she said, "since I looked on while you fought him and were beaten. I liked nothing better than to see you defeated and Jack victorious. Because, even then, you pretended to have some claim upon me, though I was but a little girl. Now, Aaron, I should like nothing better than to see Jack beat and bang you again until you cried for mercy." Her eyes were flashing and her cheek red, and she stamped her foot upon the ground. "Oh, I should like nothing better!"

"Should you, Bess, should you?" he replied, strangely, not in a rage at all, but with a great resolution.

"To see you lying at his feet. You, his rival!—you! Why, you may be bigger—so is a collier bigger than a little sloop. That is a great matter, truly! You his rival! To think that any woman whom he has once kissed should ever be able so much as to look at you—oh! Aaron! But you don't know; you are too common and ignorant to know the difference there is between you."

"You would like to see him beat and bang me, would you, Bess? Why, then, it is as easy as breaking eggs. You shall have the chance. All you have to do is to tell your fine lover that, as regards that shilling—he will know what shilling I mean—I am waiting and ready to have that repaid, or to take it out in another way—he will know the way I mean. And then, my girl, if you like to be present, you can. But I promise you the beating and the banging will be all the other way, and your fine lover, gentleman and King's officer though he is, shall be on his knees before he finds time to swing his staff. You tell him that about the shilling. If you will not, I will send a message by another."

"I will tell him. Now go away, Aaron, lest you say something which would anger me still more."

So he went away. But Bess told her lover, who laughed, and said that Aaron was a greedy fellow whom there was no satisfying, but he should do his best to let him have a good shilling's-worth, and full value for his money.

CHAPTER XV.

HORN FAIR.

This conversation happened in the second week of October. The opportunity of repaying the shilling occurred on the 18th of that month, which is St. Luke's Day, and consequently the first day of Horn Fair.

All the world has heard of this fair. It is not so famous a fair as that of St. Bartholomew's, the humours of which have been set forth by the great Ben Jonson himself; it has never, like that fair, been honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales; nor has so ingenious a gentleman as Mr. Harry Fielding ever written plays to be acted at Horn Fair, as he hath done for Bartholomew. Nor is it as good for trade as the ancient Stourbridge Fair. Yet for noise, ribaldry, riot, and drunkenness it may be compared with any fair held in the three kingdoms, even with the old May Fair, now suppressed, which they say was the abode of all the devils while it lasted. As for trade, there is never anything sold there—neither horses, nor catt'e, nor cloth, nor any pretence made of selling anything, except horns and things made of horn, with booths for children's toys, penny whistles, and the like, gingerbread, cockles, oysters, and so forth, together with strong drink, and that the worst that can be procured of every kind.

It is frequented by a motley crew, consisting of a noisy London rabble: rope-makers from St. George's, Ratcliffe-highway; sail-makers from Limehouse, shipwrights from Rotherhithe, sailors from Wapping, all the City 'prentices who can get holiday, the shabby gentry of the King's Bench rules, together with a sprinkling of beaux and gallants who come here to riot. Hither flock also a great concourse of men and women from the country, who come in their smock-frocks and new white caps, to drink, dance, look on and gape, bawl, laugh, and play upon each other those rough jokes which commonly lead to a fight. There is not, in fact, anywhere in the world a fair which hath a more evil reputation than Horn Fair. Yet I dare affirm that you shall not find a single London citizen who hath not paid one visit at least to Horn Fair: while there are many London dames—ay, of the finest—who have been tempted by the curiosity of their sex, and, in order to see the humours of famous Horn Fair, have dared the dangers of a rabble seeking enjoyment after their kind, and in the manner which best pleases their brutish nature.

Yet it was in such a place as this, and among such people, that the Lieutenant was called upon by Aaron to redeem his promise and to fight him for the shilling; and, although he might very well have refused to answer the challenge in such a place, Jack thought it incumbent upon his honour to fight, even though it should be like a Roman gladiator in the arena. Had he been invited to take a glass in a booth at the fair, or to eat hot cockles with bumpkins, he would have treated the proposition with scorn; but because he was asked to fight, his

honour, forsooth! was concerned, and he must needs go—so sacred a thing is the law of honour concerning the duello. No doubt in this case his delicate sense of honour and his inclination jump'd, as they say, and he was by no means displeased to try his courage, strength, and skill against so doughty a champion as Aaron Fletcher. Yet I do not think there was another officer in the King's Navy who would have done what he did.

All sorts of ridiculous stories are told of Horn Fair and its origin, with a foolish legend about King John, which I pass over as unworthy of credence, because every painter who hath studied Italian and ecclesiastical art, and the symbolic figures with which saints are represented, knows very well that Luke, the Evangelist, was always figured in the pictures having with him the horned head of an ox, for which reason, and no other, the Charlton Fair was called Horn Fair, being held on St. Luke's Day. It is a pity that the mob cannot be taught this—though, for my own part, I know not why an ox should go with the head of St. Luke—and so be persuaded to carry their horns soberly, in memory of the Saint who wrote the third Gospel.

The visitors, if the day is fine, begin to come down the river as early as eight in the morning, and for the most part they remain where they land, at Cuckold's Point, Reridif, eating and drinking until the procession is formed, which starts at eleven or thereabouts, and by that time there is a vast crowd indeed gathered together about the stairs, and the river is covered with boats carrying visitors from London Bridge, or even from Chelsea. As for the quarrels of watermen and the splashing of the passengers and the exchange of scurilous jokes, abuse, and foul language, it passes belief. However, the passengers mostly get safe to the stairs at last, and, after a quarrel with the watermen over the fare, they are permitted to land. Those who join in the procession array themselves in strange garments: some are dressed like wolves, some like bears, some like lions, some again like wild savages, and some like Frenchmen, Spaniards, Russians, or the lusty Turk, and some wear fearful masks; but all are alike in this respect, that they wear horns tied upon their heads in various fashions. The women among them, however, who ought rather to be at home, do not wear horns upon their heads, but masks and dominoes. Those who can afford it have ribbons round their hats, the streaming of which in the breeze greatly gratifies them; some carry flags and banners, all together shout and bellow continually, and the procession is followed by all the boys, to judge from their number, who can be found between Westminster on the west and Woolwich on the east.

This magnificent procession, which is almost as good as the Lord Mayor's Show, leaves Rotherhithe, headed by drum and fife, at eleven in the forenoon, and marches through Deptford, across the bridge by way of the London-road, through Greenwich to Charlton-common.

Jack stood with me at the gate of the Admiral's house, looking on as these Tom Fools passed, playing their antics as they went along. It seemed to me strange that a man of his rank should take any pleasure in witnessing the humours of the mob; but I thought as a fool, because there is something in every sailor, whether he be an officer or not, which makes him delight in singing and dancing, and causes his ears to prick up at the sound of a fiddle or a fife. Besides, as regards this sailor, it was six years and more since he had seen any merry-making at all, unless, which I know not, the half-starved Indians who entertained him had any songs and dances of their own.

"I must go to the fair this afternoon, Luke," he said; "will you come with me, lad?"

"What will you do at the fair, Jack? It is a rude, rough place, not fit for a gentleman."

"Do you remember the last time we went? It is seven years ago. Ever since I came home I have felt constrained to visit again the places where we used to play. There is the crazy old summer-house in the gardens. I have been there again. The place is not yet fallen into the Creek, though it is more crazy than ever."

"And Mr. Brinjes' parlour? Have you been there?"

"I have been there," he replied, with hesitation, "once or twice—to look at his charts. His treasure is on an island in the North Pacific, whether our ship did not sail. Yes. I have been there—to see his charts, in the evening. In the afternoon, I find, he sleeps, and must not be disturbed."

"And now, you must needs visit Horn Fair again. Well, Jack, I am a man of peace, and, very like, there may be a fight. So take with you a stout cudgel."

"There is another reason also for my going," he said. "It is because Aaron Fletcher will play all-comers at quarterstaff."

"Why, Jack, surely you would not play with Aaron before all this mob of rustics and common men?"

"I must, brave boy. For, look you, Aaron saved my life. There is no question about that. The boat must have gone down in half an hour, and I with it, if he had not lugged me out. Therefore, if he asks me to do so small a thing as to fight him, the least I can do is to gratify him, and to fight him at such place, and in such manner, as he may appoint. I promised him this, and now he sends me word to remind me of my promise."

"But t'ie man is a giant, Jack."

"He is a strapping fellow. But, if he is six foot four, I am six foot one and a half. His reach is longer than mine, it is true. But do not be afraid. I have got back my strength, and I think I shall give a good account of him. However, my word is passed to fight him when he wishes; and, whatever happens, I must go. He thinks to defeat me before all his friends. He is a braggart fellow, and we shall see, my lad."

We walked over to Charlton after dinner; Jack in his Lieutenant's uniform, with new laced ruffles and laced shirt and cravat, very noble. He carried his sword, but, following my advice, he provided himself as well with a stout cudgel, in which, I confess, I placed more confidence than in his sword. For why? A man thinks twice about using a sword upon a mob as he would upon an enemy, but an oaken cudgel does not generally kill, though it may stun. Therefore, he lays about him lustily if he have a cudgel, and spares not.

There was no hurry about the quarterstaff play, which would not begin until three o'clock, and we strolled about the Fair among the crowd, looking at the shows, of which there were many more than I expected to find. But Horn Fair is happily placed in the almanack, so that the people who live by shows, rope-dancing, and the like, can go from Stepney Fair to Charlton, and so from Charlton to Croydon Fair. There was, to begin with, a most amazing noise, with beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, banging of cymbals, ringing of bells, dashing of great hammers upon the boards, whistling, marrow bones and cleavers, each one thinking that the more noise he made the more attractive would be his show. The booths were filled with common things, but these gilded, tied with bright ribbons and gay-coloured paper, so as to look valuable, and with wheedling girls, in tawdry finery, to sell them. And here I found that my companion speedily forgot the dignity of an officer and became like a boy, buying things he did not want because some black-eyed gipsy girl pressed them into his hand with a "Sure your Honour will never

regret the trifles for a fairing for your Honour's sweetheart. A proud and happy girl she is this day, to have her Captain home again." And so on, he laughing and pulling out a handful of silver and letting her take as much as she pleased, whether for shoes, pattens, leather breeches, ginger-bread, cheap books, or toys in horn, whatever she pleased to sell him. Jack bought enough of everything to stock a Foundling Hospital, but mostly left his purchases on the stalls where he found them, or gave them to the first pretty girl he met in the crowd. There certainly is something in the air of the sea which keeps in a man for a long time the eagerness of a boy. A London bred young man of three-and-twenty, which was Jack's age, is already long past the enjoyment of things so simple as the amusements of a fair: he despises the shows, gauds, and antics which make the rustics and the mechanics gape and laugh. As for Jack, he must needs go everywhere and see everything; and this year there were a wonderful number of shows.

There was, for instance, the young woman of nineteen, already seven feet ten inches high, and said to be still growing, so that her well-wishers confidently expected that when she should attain her twenty-fifth year, she would reach the stature of nine feet, or, perhaps, ten. We also saw the bearded woman. This *lusus naturae*, or sport of nature, presented for our admiration a large full beard, a foot long and more, growing upon the whole of her face, cheeks, chin, and lip, so that her mouth was quite hidden by it. She was, by this time, unfortunately, fully fifty years of age, and her beard well grizzled, so that we had no opportunity of knowing how a woman in her youth and beauty would look with such an ornament to her face. It would then, I suppose, be soft and silky, and brown in colour. But perhaps she would look not otherwise than a comely young man. This woman was a great strong creature, who might have felled an ox with her fist; she had a deep voice and a merry laugh, and made no opposition when Jack offered her a cheerful glass. We saw the Irish giant, also, who was a mighty tall fellow, but weak in the knees; and the strong woman who tossed about the heavy weights as if they had been made of pasteboard, and lifted great stones with her hair. And, since where there are giants there must also be dwarfs, we saw the Italian Fairy, a girl of sixteen, no taller than eighteen inches, and said to be a Princess in her own country. It has been remarked by the curious that whereas giants have always something in their carriage and demeanour as if they were ashamed of themselves, so dwarfs, on the other hand, are the most vainglorious and self-conceited persons imaginable. This little creature, for instance, dressed in a flowered petticoat and a frock of sarsnet, walked about her stage, carried herself and spoke with all the airs of a Court lady or a fine city madam, though where she learned these arts I know not. As for other shows, there was a menagerie wherein were exhibited a cassowary, a civet cat, a leopard, and a double cow—a cow, that is, with one head and two fore legs, but four hind legs. There was a theatre, where they performed the "Siege of Troy" in a very bold and moving manner, and with much shouting and clashing of swords, though the performance was hurried, on account of the impatience of those without. There were lotteries in plenty, where one raffled for spoons of silver and rings of gold; but as for us, though we essayed our fortune everywhere, we got nothing. There was a fire-eater, who vomited flames, and put red-hot coals into his mouth; there was excellent dancing on the slack-rope, which is always to me the most wonderful thing in the world to witness; there was a woman who danced with four naked swords in her hands, tossing and catching them, presenting them to her breast, and all with so much fire and fury that it seemed as if she was resolved and determined to kill herself. Jack rewarded her after the dance with a crown and a kiss, both of which she received with modesty and gratitude. There was also a ladder-dance, in which a young man got upon a ladder and made it walk about, and climbed up to the top of it and over it, and sat upon the topmost rung, and yet never let it fall—a very dexterous fellow.

"Why," said Jack, presently, "what have you and I learned, Luke, that can compare with the things which these people can do? Grant that I know the name and place of every bit of gear in a ship, and that you can paint a boat to the life; what is that compared with dancing on the slack-rope, or balancing a ladder as this fellow does it?"

At the time I confess I was, like Jack, somewhat carried away by the sight of so much dexterity, and began to think that perhaps showmen, mountebanks, and jugglers have more reason for pride than any other class of mankind. Afterwards I reflected that the wisdom of our ancestors has always held in contempt the occupations of buffoon and juggler, so that, though we may acknowledge and even praise their dexterity, we are not called upon to envy or admire them.

Outside the booths, and apart from the theatres and shows, there was a stage, on which, at first sight, one only discerned a fiddler, a fifer, a drummer, and a fellow dressed in yellow and black, with a long tin trumpet. This was the stage of the great High German Doctor; his name I have forgotten, but it was a very high and noble sounding one. There were tables on the stage, and beside the musicians were the Doctor's zanies, who tumbled and postured, and danced the tight-rope; and his shell-grinders and compounders, every one of whom in turn harangued and bamboozled the mob. As for the Doctor himself, he was not at first on the stage at all: but presently the man with the tin trumpet blew a horrid blast, and bawled out, "Room for the Doctor, Gentlemen! Room for the Doctor!" and the people parted right and left, while, mounted on a black steed, that learned person rode very slowly towards the stage. The saddle was covered with red velvet; it was provided with a kind of lectern, on which was a big folio volume, which the Doctor was reading, paying no heed to the crowd, as if no moment could be spared from study. A fellow dressed in crimson led the horse. The Doctor was a tall and stout man, with an extraordinary dignity of carriage, and solemn countenance, dressed in a gown of black velvet and a crimson velvet cap, like unto the cap of a Cambridge *Medicine Doctor*. Then the man with the tin trumpet hung out a placard upon the stage, on which was the great man's style and titles, and these he bellowed forth, for the information of those who could not read. We learned, partly from the placard, and partly from this fellow, that the great man was Physician to the Sophs of Persia, and to the Great Mogul, tooth-drawer to the King of Morocco, and corn-cutter to the Emperor of Trebizonde, the Grand Turk, and Prester John; that he was the seventh son of a seventh son; that it was seven days before he uttered seven months before he cried, and seven years before he uttered a single word—so long was this wonderful genius in preparing for his duties. As for his medical studies, we were told that they had occupied his attention for five times seven years, in the cities of London, Leyden, Ispahan, Trebizonde, and Constantinople; and that he was at that moment twelve times seven years of age, without a grey hair or a missing tooth, and with children not yet three years old, so efficacious were his own medicines as proved upon himself; while his servants never knew an illness or even an ailment (the drummer, I observed, had his face tied up for toothache). When this fellow had done, the music began, and the zanies tumbled over each other, and turned somersaults, while the mixers of

the medicines bawled out jokes and made pretence to swallow their pills. Finally, the Doctor himself stood before us, and made his oration.

"Gentlemen all," he said, "I congratulate you on your good fortune in coming to Horn Fair this day, for it is my birthday; and on this anniversary I give away my priceless medicines for no greater charge than will pay for the bottles and boxes in which they are bestowed. On all other days they are sold for their weight in gold. I have here"—he held up a plaster—"the *Cataplasma Diabolicum*, or *Vulnary Decoction of Monkshood*, which heals all wounds in twenty-four hours if applied alone; if taken with the *Electuary Pacific*—show the *Electuary*, varlets!—it heals in a couple of hours. I have the *Detersive*, *Renefying*, and *Defecating Ophthalmic*, which will cure cataracts and blindness, and will cast off scales as big as barnacles in less than a minute. I have, for earache, toothache, faceache, and tic, a truly wonderful vegetable, an infusion of peony, black hellebore, London pride, and lily root. Here is a bottle of *Orvietans*, for the expulsion of poison, price one shilling only. Here is the *Balsamum Arthriticum*; here the *Elixir Cephalicum*, *Asthmaticum*, *Nephriticum et Catharticum*. Gentlemen, there is no disease under the sun"—here the trumpeter blew the tin trumpet—"but I can cure it. *Rheumatics*—bang went the drum—"Asthma"—bang went the drum between every word—"Gout—Sciatica—Lumbago—Pleurisy—Melancholy: in a word, there is nothing that I cannot cure at a quarter the cost of your town doctors. No more disease, gentlemen, no more pain; step up and try the *Cataplasma Diabolicum*, the *Electuary Pacific*, the *Detersive Ophthalmic*, and the *Vegetable Infusion*. Step up and buy the medicines that will make and keep you in hearty good health so that you shall live to a hundred and fifty—ay, even, with care, to two hundred and fifty—knowing neither age, sickness, nor decay."

The people laughed incredulously, and yet believed every word, which I suppose will always be the case with the mob, and began to push and shove each other in their eagerness to buy the wonderful medicines. For his part, Jack listened open-mouthed.

"Why," he said, "what fools we are, Luke, to let this foreign fellow go, who hath so many secrets? Why do not we keep him and get his secrets out of him, and so let there be no more sick lists to be kept?"

Then he would have gone on the stage and bought everything the Doctor had to sell, but I dissuaded him, pointing out that the fellow was only an impudent impostor.

And before every show were ballad singers bawling their songs. Their principal business at fairs is not, I am told, to sell their ballads so much as to attract a crowd and engage their attention while the scoundrel pickpockets go about their business unwatched (one was caught in the fair while we were there, and, for want of a pump, was put head first into a tub of cold water, and kept there till he was well-nigh drowned); and everywhere there were men who grinned and postured, girls who danced, boys who walked on stilts, gipsies who told fortunes, women bawling brandy-balls and hot fumet: there was the hobby-horse man, with his trumpet and his "Troop, every one, one, one!" and a hundred more, too numerous to mention. And for food, they had booths where they sold hot roast pork, with bread and onions and black porter, a banquet to which the gentry at the Fair, whose stomachs are not queasy, did infinite justice.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

THE GLOUCESTER TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

The musical event of next week will be the Gloucester Triennial Festival, this being the 163rd meeting of the three cathedral choirs of that city, of Hereford, and Worcester, held alternately at each place. There is no occasion to repeat in detail the oft-narrated account of the origin of these festivals, which were at first established merely for choral practice, and were soon made to serve a benevolent purpose, their musical importance having been speedily enhanced by the engagement of an orchestra and solo singers of eminence; the performances of oratorios and other works having for many years been such as may compare with those of the metropolis.

The benevolent purpose alluded to is the affording aid to widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses. This is effected by contributions made after the sacred performances and services in the cathedral, and subsequent donations—the proceeds from the sale of tickets being untouched for this purpose. In some instances the expenses of the festivals have greatly exceeded the amount received for tickets, the deficit having been made up by the stewards, the number of whom has therefore been, during recent years, largely increased. For next week's festival the list of these honorary officers includes the names of nearly two hundred, headed by that of the President, Earl Dicke, Lord Lieutenant of the county.

The orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus, is complete in every department, and includes many of our most skilful instrumentalists. The solo vocalists are—Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Winch, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. Santley. The chorus consists of the three cathedral choirs, with reinforcements from other sources. Mr. C. L. Williams (organist of Gloucester Cathedral) will conduct the performances.

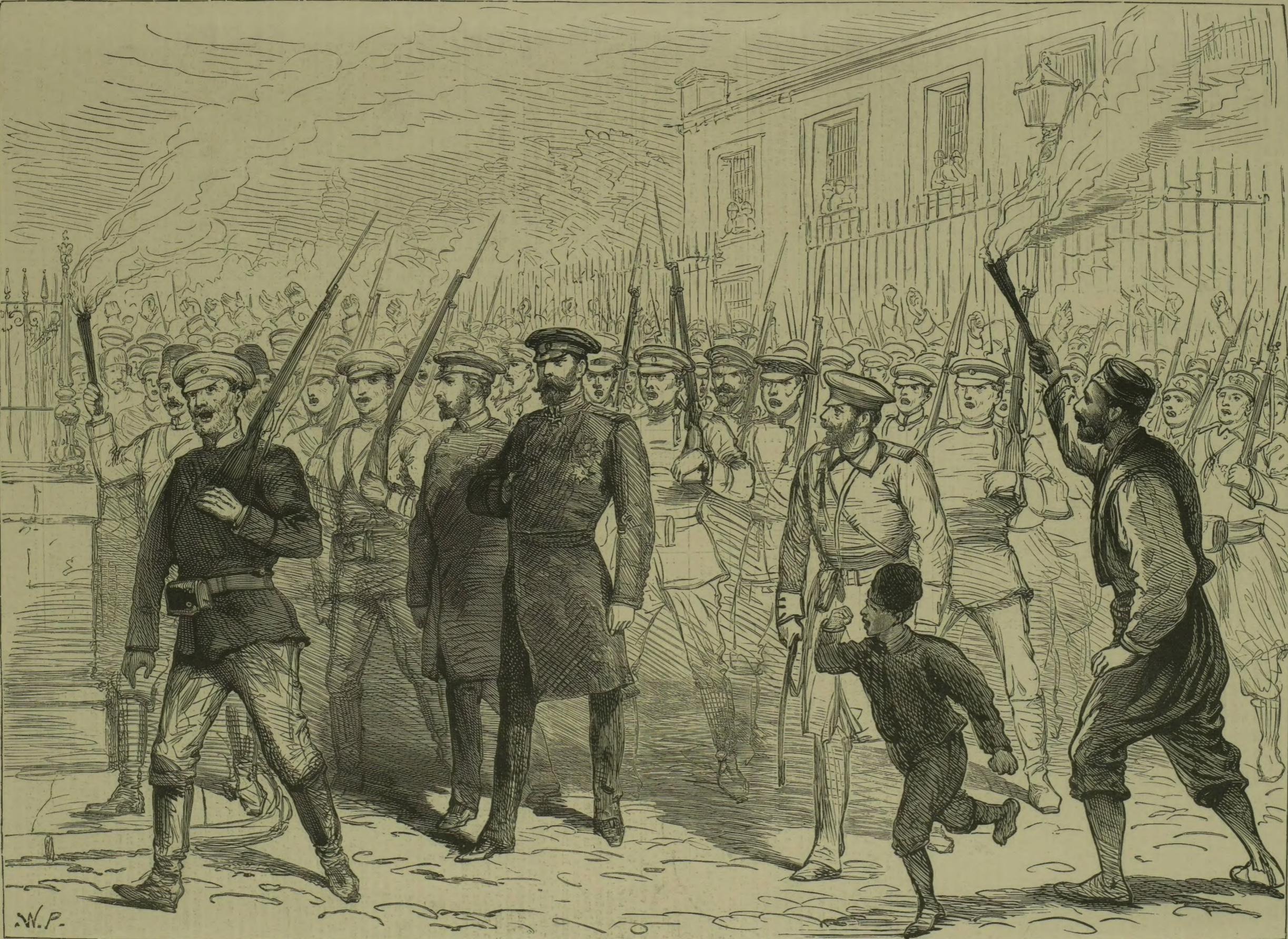
After the full choral service, with sermon special to the occasion (by the Very Reverend Dr. Butler, Dean of Gloucester), on Tuesday morning, "Elijah" will be performed in the cathedral, where, on Wednesday morning, Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, anthems by Orlando Gibbons and the elder Samuel Wesley, and Hiller's "Song of Victory," will be given; and in the evening Mr. W. S. Rockstro's oratorio "The Good Shepherd" (composed for the Festival), and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Thursday morning's cathedral performance will consist of Gounod's oratorio "Mors et Vita," and that of Friday morning of "The Messiah," a special service on Friday evening (in the nave) bringing the festival to a close.

The miscellaneous evening concert in the Shirehall will include, on Tuesday, Mr. C. H. Lloyd's new cantata "Andromeda," and a new "dramatic" overture by Rosalind F. Ellicott; and on Thursday, a new orchestral "suite moderne," by Dr. C. Hubert Parry; other interesting features being included in each programme.

According to a return issued by the Registrar-General for Ireland, there are 76,719 acres in the total extent of land under crops in Ireland as compared with 1885. The extent under bog, marsh, and barren mountain land has increased from 4,771,947 acres to 4,788,030 acres. The extent of land under tillage last year was 2,922,359 acres, while this year it is 2,239,708 acres. The total extent under crops is larger than during any of the three years immediately preceding; but it is still 50,000 acres less than in 1882. The returns of live stock show an increase of 1920 horses and mules. There is a decrease of 44,824 in the number of cattle, and of 110,334 in the number of sheep. Pigs show the trifling decrease of 5959.



THE RETURN OF PRINCE ALEXANDER TO BULGARIA: THE PRINCE ON THE DRILL-GROUND AT RUSTCHUK.



THE ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION IN BULGARIA: CONSPIRATORS ESCORTING PRINCE ALEXANDER TO THE MINISTRY OF WAR.

FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH RIEDEL.

MUNICIPAL FESTIVAL AT RIPON.

The small, but ancient and not obscure, cathedral city of Ripon, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has celebrated the thousandth year of its existence by a festival which continued three days, last week, and which was accompanied with quaint and picturesque imitations of the civic pomp of mediæval times. Many visitors from Harrogate, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and other towns, with the Lord Mayor of York, the Mayors of these and the neighbouring municipalities, the county gentry and nobility, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Durham and Chester, came to Ripon on this occasion; while the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, at their adjacent seat of Studley Royal, the grounds of which are adorned by the romantic ruins of Fountains Abbey, entertained a large party of guests.

The festival proceedings began on Wednesday morning with a state procession of the clergy of the diocese, the magistrates, the municipal authorities of Yorkshire towns, and the friendly societies of the city, from the Townhall to the Cathedral. First came a silken banner, followed by the band of the 1st West Yorkshire Rifle Volunteers, then the city banner, the Sergeant-at-Mace of Ripon, followed by the Mayor of Ripon, Alderman Baynes, the Mace and Sword Bearers of York, followed by the Lord Mayor of York, behind whom walked the Mayors of Richmond, Wakefield, Halifax, Dewsbury, Leeds, Morley, Bradford, Pontefract, Keighley, and several other Mayors, duly attended according to their office. Then walked the city chaplain, town clerk, auditors, aldermen, and councillors. Following these dignitaries came Mr. Darcy Ferris, master of the revels; after him the executive committee and members of the friendly societies of the city, bearing the banners of their orders. The aspect of the procession, its members all habited in their robes, wearing their chains of office, and separated one from another by the gleaming maces borne before them, was rather imposing, while the scene was enlivened by the fluttering banners. The procession, after traversing Westgate, Blossom-gate, Trinity-lane, North-street, and Middle-street, was met at the junction of Kirkgate and the market-place by the Archbishop of York, and the bishops, deans, clergy, and choirs of Ripon, York, and Durham, who preceded the municipal authorities to the Cathedral, the choirs singing a modern version of a processional hymn written by King Alfred to a tune taken from a manuscript of the thirteenth century.

The interior of the cathedral had been decorated with flowers, the font and mullions of the windows being completely hidden by a mass of green foliage and colour. The nave was filled by the members of the procession; the transepts were reserved for ladies and friends. A special service appropriate to the occasion was held, and the Archbishop of York preached a short sermon on the text "What shall I render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me?" The procession left the cathedral for the market-place, and dispersed before the Townhall.

The next feature in the day's entertainment was a public luncheon held in the new public rooms recently built in the town. More than a thousand guests were assembled in the great hall. The loyal and patriotic toasts having been honoured, the health of the Archbishop of York was proposed and responded to. The Lord Mayor of York proposed the health of the Mayor and Corporation of Ripon, and the Bishop of Ripon the health of the Marquis of Ripon, who replied.

In the afternoon, short addresses were delivered by selected speakers to a large assemblage of persons, from a rostrum established at the foot of the market-cross and facing the Townhall. The speakers had to give little historical sketches of the rise and growth of the town, with allusions to the "old basket-shop," the house of Hugh Ripley, the first Mayor and last Wakeman of Ripon, in 1604, also to the old custom, still in existence, of blowing the horn every evening three times at the Mayor's door, and three times at the market-cross. In the evening, the master of the revels, Mr. Darcy Ferris, in an Elizabethan dress of old gold velvet, with a train of cloth of gold, embossed with figures of ancient ships, birds, and fishes, supported by his marshals, chamberlains, and pages, read from the platform by the market-cross a proclamation enjoining all good citizens to obey his rule, and stating that the same revels should begin that night "by a goodly procession of all guilds, societies, and companies." The proclamation having been read, the procession was formed in the Market-place. First came a group of torch-bearers, with a drum-and-fife band, then a number of grotesque dogs, followed by a dancing band of satyrs and ogres. Behind these was a hobby-horse; and then, after more torch-bearers and a huge symbolical banner, came the car of the Brewers' Guild. Around this were grouped a number of stalwart fellows in red caps and aprons, while on the car were two huge casks, garlanded with evergreens. Following the brewers were the Oddfellows' lodges, marching four deep; then, with another banner, the Millers' car and the Order of Foresters; and more banners, preceding, in turn, the Clothworkers' car and the Druids' Order. The Saddletree-makers' car came next, and it is worthy of note that Ripon saddletrees have been as famous as Ripon spurs. At this point a modern feature was introduced in the shape of the town fire-engine, which broke the mediæval character of the procession. Following close on the fire-engine, however, was the banner of St. Wilfrid, followed by St. Wilfrid himself on horseback, supported by two deacons, and followed by six monks. Next came an old horn-blower and attendants in chariots, and a floral banner. The procession was closed by the master of the revels, his heralds, chamberlains, and pages, the city banner, constables, bellman and beadle, and the Mayor in a carriage with the chain and macebearers. By the time the procession had formed, night had fallen, and the town was then lit up in all directions with brilliant decorative arrangements of coloured lamps. The façade of the Townhall was illuminated, and the triumphal arch at the head of Kirkgate was hung with Chinese lanterns. The whole square was bright with many-coloured lights, and the procession, singing Mr. Ferris's Triumphal March, paraded by torchlight through the Market-place.

On Friday, another grand procession was marshalled in the court-yard at Studley Royal, which is about four miles from the town, amidst beautiful sylvan scenery. The pageant had an historical basis, and represented the history of Ripon from a thousand years ago to modern times. Every effort was made to present a faithful reproduction of the manners and customs of former ages. The earliest period was represented by a procession of Druids, wearing ancient costumes and carrying Druidic stones and wreaths of oak leaves. The Roman period was represented by the Emperor Adrian, riding in a chariot. Next came the Danish period, represented by the Vikings and Norsemen. The Saxon period was represented with the establishment of the first monastery and the see of Ripon. St. Wilfrid's banner was conspicuous. Next followed a group of children of the harvest, indicative of the peace which followed the restoration of law and order after the Norman period. The first two members of the Parliament called in 1296, John De Stopford and John De York, were represented by the banners bearing their arms. Among the trade guilds the Clothmakers had a loom and operators in full work. The Spurriers

exhibited the presentation to King James of a pair of handsome spurs. The Masters of the Revels was accompanied by the official Jester, Mr. Mark Landon, whose wit and humour enlivened the company all through the day. He also figured in the character of an old-fashioned moorland farmer, "t'owd man t'off moors, coom to see it doo in Ripon." After the procession the play of "Robin Hood and the Curial Friar" was performed in a field adjoining Fountains Abbey, where the incident itself is believed to have occurred. At night the ancient city was brilliantly illuminated.

The pageant of historical figures and groups, with the Robin Hood play, was repeated on Saturday at Studley Park and Fountains Abbey, to the gratification of 18,000 spectators, admitted at the reduced charge of one shilling. It was followed by the exhibition of old English revels and sports, over which Lady Ripon was president. The most interesting feature was the ancient Yorkshire sword-dance. This is said to survive only in the neighbouring village of Kirkby, by a number of peasants from which place it was performed. These men handled their weapons with much dexterity, executing the various complicated movements with a skill that won great applause. At dusk Ripon was again illuminated, and the Wakeman's horn was blown at the City Cross at nine o'clock.

We present some illustrations of the costumes, all of which were furnished by Mrs. May, of 35, Bow-street, London. The Portrait of Miss Milner, attired as Queen Elswitha, is from a photograph by Mr. W. P. Glaisher, of Spurrier-gate, York. Visitors who wished to take home an interesting and instructive memorial of the locality could not do better than purchase the new illustrated edition, the fifteenth, of the late Mr. J. R. Walbran's excellent "Guide to Ripon, Fountains Abbey, Harrogate," and other places, revised by the Rev. J. T. Fowler, and published by Mr. W. Harrison in the Market-place, Ripon.

PARIS, LYONS, and MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAYS.

SUMMER SERVICE, 1886.—DIRECT AND RAPID TRAINS,
LONDON TO SWITZERLAND, BY DIJON.

Price of Tickets to or from London, available Fifteen Days.		1st Class.	2nd Class.	1st and 2nd Class.	1st and 2nd Class.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	London	Leave	8.0 a.m.	11 a.m.
6 17 10	5 3 9	Paris, Gare de Lyon	Arr.	8.31 p.m.	7.25 a.m.
5 11 9	—	Neuchatel	Arrive	7.50 "	9.20 "
6 2 0	4 11 3	Lucerne	Arrive	9.0 a.m.	8.2 a.m.
		Geneva	Arrive	9.0 "	9.0 "
				8.50 "	

LONDON TO ITALY, VIA MONT CENIS.

Price of Tickets to or from London, available Seventeen Days.		1st Class.	2nd Class.	1st and 2nd Class.	1st Class.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	London	Leave	11.0 a.m.	8.0 p.m.
6 17 10	5 3 9	Paris, Gare de Lyon	Arr.	8.31 p.m.	7.25 a.m.
7 12 9	5 12 2	Turin	Arrive	9.5 "	11.15 "
10 4 1	7 9 6	Milan	Arrive	5.30 "	8.0 "
11 9 8	8 7 7	Rome	Arrive	6.50 a.m.	12.12 p.m.
12 7 1	8 19 3	Naples	Arrive	1.23 p.m.	"
		Brindisi	Arrive	6.40 p.m.	

SINGLE AND RETURN TICKETS FROM LONDON TO THE LITTORAL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

From London to the following Railway Stations.	Itinerary.	Single Tickets, available for Fifteen Days.		Return Tickets, available for One Month.	
		1st Class.	2nd Class.	1st Class.	2nd Class.
Marseilles	Calais or Boulogne, Paris, Dijon, Marseilles.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Hyères	Boulogne, Paris, Dijon, Marseilles.	7 5 9	7 14 8	5 8 9	11 16 3
Cannes	Paris, Dijon, Marseilles.	8 4 9	8 7 7	12 12 0	12 16 7
Nice	Marseilles	8 7 7	6 5 7	12 16 7	13 0 1
Menton	Marseilles	8 10 0	6 7 5	12 16 7	13 0 1

RETURN TICKETS FROM PARIS (GARE DE LYON), TO THE UNDERMENTIONED STATIONS.

	1st Class.	2nd Class.	Available for
Berne, via Pontarlier*	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	60 days
Turin, via Mont Cenis	4 9 7	3 7 6	
Milan, via Mont Cenis	6 16 0	4 18 9	20 "
Venice, via Mont Cenis*	7 9 7	5 8 0	30 "

* The Tickets for Berne are only delivered between April 15 and Oct. 15. The Tickets for Venice are only delivered between May 15 and Sept. 3.

All the Tickets issued in London, except those of the Second Class for Geneva, Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, and Menton, give the right of traversing Paris by the Ceinture Railway, so as to arrive at the P.L.M. Station direct, without change of trains.

Single Tickets give the right of stopping on the journey at all the Stations of the P.L.M., as also in Switzerland, and at Six Italian Stations, at the Traveller's selection.

The Return Tickets give the right to stop at all the Stations of the P.L.M., as also at the Swiss and Italian Railway Stations.

Tickets can be procured in London, at the Stations of the London and Chatham and South-Eastern Railways; and Tickets are issued from Paris at the Paris Office, Gare de Lyon.

CIRCULAR TOURS.

First and Second Class Circular Tickets are issued at very reduced rates, affording the following facilities:—

Firstly.—A portion, more or less extensive, of the greater part of Italy. Tickets, available for Sixty Days, are delivered at the Paris Railway Station, Gare de Lyon (P.L.M.). Tickets available for Sixty Days. Tickets from £7 14s. 8d. to £12 13s. 9d.

Example: Itinerary 84-5.—Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Bologna, Padua, Venice, Milan, Turin, Aix-les-Bains, Paris, or vice versa, £14 3s. 2d. First Class: £20 13s. 7d. Second Class.

Secondly.—One of many of the following countries: France, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco. These tickets, available for ninety days, are delivered in London at the agency of the Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, Woolpack Buildings, Gracechurch-street, and at the Railway Stations of the London, Chatham, and Dover, and South-Eastern. Price, £17 9s. to £20 12s. 6d. in First Class, and £17 7s. 4d. to £20 19s. in Second Class.

Example: Itinerary 51.—London, Calais, or Boulogne, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Nice, Dijon, or vice versa. First Class, £17 9s.; Second Class, £13 7s. 4d.

Thirdly.—France, Algeria, Spain, with or without Morocco. These tickets, available for ninety days, are delivered as in previous paragraph. Tickets, £17 13s. 6d. to £25 6s. and £25 6s. 4d. to £19 3s.

Example: Itinerary 58.—London, Calais, or Boulogne, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Nice, Dijon, or vice versa. First Class, £17 9s.; Second Class, £13 7s. 4d.

Fourthly.—France, Spain, and Portugal. Tickets issued at the Paris Railway Station (P.L.M.), apply to the following Itineraries:—

Itinerary 32.—Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Côte, Barcelona, Valencia, Alcázar, Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, Zamora, Santander, Burgos, Bilbao, Bayonne, Bordeaux, Orleans, Paris, London, and vice versa. First Class, £13 3s.; Second Class, £9 15s. 1d.

Itinerary 33.—Same as Itinerary 32, with the addition of Cordova, Seville, Xeres, Cadiz, Grenada, and Malaga, available for sixty-five days. First Class, £18 1s. 4d.; Second Class, £13 10s.

Itinerary 34.—Same as Itinerary 32, with the addition of Ciudad-Réal, Badajoz, Lisbon, Oporto, and Cáceres, available for eighty-five days. First Class, £21 12s. Second Class, £16 4s.

Fifthly.—A portion, more or less extensive, of France and Switzerland. Tickets available for thirty-five, forty-five, or sixty days, are delivered at the Paris Station (P.L.M.). Tickets from £5 10s. 1d. to £6 13s. 8d. in First Class, and £4 4s. to £5 3s. 9d. Second Class.

Example: Itinerary 44.—Paris, Dijon, Macon, Geneva, Lausanne, Fribourg, Berne, Interlaken, Lucerne, Bâle, Belfort, Troyes, Paris, or vice versa. Available for sixty days. First Class, £5 2s. 6d. Second Class, £4 15s. 6d. If available for sixty days, First Class, £5 13s. 8d. Second Class, £4 10s. 1d.

The tickets available during thirty days, are only delivered from June 1 to Sept. 30, and those having sixty days to run, are issued from June 1 to Aug. 31.

Circular tickets give the right to break the journey at all or any of the Railway Stations comprised within the Itinerary selected.

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GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An Improved SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY, or SATURDAY to TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. For full particulars see bills.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER.

JESS. By H. Rider Haggard, Author of "King Solomon's Mines" &c. Chap. XII.—Frank Muller shows his Hand. Chap. XIV.—John to the Rescue.

SHREDS OF MOROCCO. A PRODIGAL SON.

THE MONTAFUN. THE COW-BOY AT HOME.

THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT. THE BLUE CURTAINS.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo-place.

MARRIAGE.

On the 11th ult., at St. Michael's, Lewes, by the Ven. the Archdeacon of Chichester, assisted by the Rev. H. B. Vale, M.A., Vicar of Syroston, M.A., Assistant Priest, St. Michael's, Captain O. Scarlett Vale, 4th Battalion, Worcestershire Regiment, third son of Major Vale, D.L., of Coddington Court, Herefordshire,

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The prodigal playgoer returning to his duty, bronzed from foreign travel, finds his accustomed welcome on the London hoardings. Mr. William Terriss, in the person of Lieutenant Kingsley, R.N., smiles a welcome and takes off his cap with studied courtesy to the returned traveller, bidding him hurry, with the thermometer at 100 deg. in the Strand sun, to see the still successful "Harbour Lights." In huge brown letters on a fair white background we are warned that, before the year gets much older, we are to be presented with a new Lady Macbeth in Mrs. Conover, and a bold Macbeth once more in Mr. J. H. Barnes. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, on board the good ship Umbria, will be in sight of English land before the present week comes to an end. Busy enough are the players at the Princess's and Comedy rehearsing "Harvest" and "Sister Mary" for instant production. "Jim, the Penman," has had his holiday, and is on the road home now that Lady Monckton has had her rest, and Mr. E. S. Willard has had time to cross over from the Princess's to the Haymarket. The provinces still detain the Kendals and Mr. Hare; but, meanwhile, the autumn season has been started with its first genuine success.

The picture-posters on the London walls show the counterfeit presentment of two horses' heads struggling in a brilliant race for the mastery. And what may they mean, or what do they imply? Is it a new sporting periodical, or the advertisement of some fresh suburban meeting? Nothing of the kind. Mr. Augustus Harris, the popular director of Drury-Lane, has left the annals of the Newgate Calendar for the fresher and healthier field of sport. No more murders; no more ghastly poisonings; no more deaths on the castaway raft, or on the blood-stained battle-field. The catalogue of crime has been fairly exhausted at Drury-Lane; and Mr. Harris, who with considerable skill feels the pulse of the public and diagnoses every recurring fit and fever, very properly comes to the conclusion that the form of melodrama in the immediate ascendant is one that concerns itself more with comedy than tragedy, and leaves horrors and blood-curdling episodes well alone. "A Run of Luck" is a domestic, English, and eminently peaceful play. Not a shot is fired in any scene. No lady need shudder in the stalls for fear of the threatened pistol. The bowl and dagger are relegated to the utmost recesses of the property-room; and, with pretty country scenes and landscapes; with training stables, and the cheerful patter of the stud-groom and stable help; with lawns of ancestral mansions, dotted over with horses and hounds, sportsmen in pink and villagers on foot; with scenes at glorious Goodwood in grove and weighing-room, paddock and race-course, is a story of homely, honest, English life pleasantly unfolded. Mr. Harris has wisely chosen for his literary associate Mr. Henry Pettitt, an author of inexhaustible invention, a compiler of singular skill, whose experience is large and facility almost unexampled.

"A Run of Luck" is the best play of its kind in the long series of Drury-Lane dramas. I say "of its kind" advisedly, because the drama that might pass muster at another theatre would seem weak, trivial, and insignificant on this monster stage. The dramatists who write for Drury-Lane must be bold and sweeping in their treatment. They must paint with a big brush. Each curtain must fall on an effect; each act must contain a special example of scenic excitement. Idyllic scenes and tender lyrical passages, Robertsonian love duets and pretty artistic conceits, would be as out of place at Old Drury as a stable-

yard dog in a lady's boudoir. The cleverness of the new play is proved by the skilful manner in which pleasant comedy and wholesome excitement have been judiciously blended. The keynotes on which a dramatist can play are very few in number; but there is no sense of fatigue or commonplace in the new treatment of the story of the prodigal son. In order to lead up to the race, which is to be the culminating point in the hero's career, the one event which is to save him or ruin him for ever, we are shown the easy downward career, the *Facilis descentus Averni*, of a youth born to braver and better things. Amiable weakness is the besetting sin of the son of the old fox-hunting squire, so proud of his race, but so innocently forgetful of his own sad past in commenting on the recklessness and extravagance of the rising generation. The young squire's son, gambler and spendthrift as he is, led away by cheating and dissolute companions, tempted to every form of folly to feed his insatiable passion for sport, is, at any rate, free from the cruelty towards women, the heartlessness and depravity that have disfigured the black past of the jelly-looking, white-haired, red-faced squire. His son may sign post-obits and get into the hands of the Jews; but he has never turned his back on the woman he once loved, or cancelled an honourable promise he once made. So the audience, so ready to forget and forgive, takes the young squire's son to its heart, and, fortified by the reflection that through good or evil one pure woman holds by him and loves him, follows his career through treachery, dishonour, and deceit to that crowning moment of complete happiness when fortune favours him at last, and by the success of the race-horse Daisy he is able to defeat his worst enemies, and to prove that at any rate he is an honourable, however misguided a man.

It is the realistic race that will attract the majority of the sight-seers to Drury-Lane, for surely the excitement of the modern race-course has never before been so exactly reproduced on the mimic scene. Mr. Harris can afford to smile at the sneers of the detractors who insist that race-horses and other four-footed beasts are for the circus, and not for the theatre. Art in this instance must not be too severe, relaxing its threatened frown, for there is no inconsiderable touch of art in the fact that these scenes can be realised with so little offence. We come away from the theatre not liking our old friends the horse and dog less than before. We have seen them placed in no ridiculous positions, and subjected to no ignominious treatment. There are good and bad sides in every race-course in the kingdom; but, thanks to Mr. Harris, we have been whirled away to Goodwood, and have seen little but what is bright and pretty, and honest and picturesque on the green turf. All the scum and scoundrelism, all the coarseness and brutality, all the villainy and depravity, that cling to the skirts of every race-course crowd are kept in the background; and we see little but the harmless pleasures of Goodwood picnic, and the genuine pulse-beat that thrills men and women too, when well-trained racers struggle for the mastery in a well-contested race. It is cheap talk to compare Drury-Lane to a circus because horses clatter on the theatrical boards. The question is, what harm is done to any human being by a race represented in such a play? Sport, in its higher and better idea, has received no blow from the new drama, for the dramatist understands his art sufficiently well never to discover the seamy side of a national amusement.

Among the successful performers in the new play are the earnest, lovable, little heroine of Miss Alma Murray; the popular, good-hearted scamp of Mr. E. W. Gardiner; the cold, satirical, and scheming man of the world of Mr. Cartwright

and the cheery, unabashed, and unblushing vulgar coxcomb of Mr. Harry Nicholls. By this time, no doubt, Miss Sophie Eyre, whose handsome presence is invaluable in such a play, has toned down the extravagance of her gestures, and has moderated her melodramatic intensity. There will be an opportunity also for Miss Compton to consider whether she makes the young squire's affianced bride as tender and lovable as she might. But here, perhaps, there is an error of casting. Miss Compton's voice and important appearance do not suit the coquettishness of an ingénue. Mr. J. G. Grahame and Mr. William Rignold are occupied in the more declamatory portions of the play; but already there are signs that the old-fashioned style of melodramatic rhetoric is getting less and less popular. Burlesque has checked the school that layed to "idle out" virtuous sentiments; and obvious point-making, to catch the ears of the groundlings, has become an abomination. The acting most appreciated was the temptation scene of Miss Alma Murray—always an artist—and the pleasant, cheery conception of the squire's son by Mr. Gardiner. The scenery is exceptionally good.

C. S.

THE COURT.

The Queen enjoys good health at Balmoral. Yesterday week her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon drove with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany and the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck dined with the Queen, and Miss Baillie and Sir Robert Collins, K.C.B., had the honour of being invited. The Duke of Connaught went out deer-stalking. The Countess of Erroll arrived at the castle as the lady-in-waiting on the Queen. The Queen drove out last Saturday morning attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford; and in the afternoon her Majesty, with the Duchess of Connaught and Miss Stopford, drove round the Lion's Face. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove out, attended by Miss Bauer. Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I., arrived at the castle as the Minister in attendance on the Queen. Dr. Donald Macleod also arrived, and, with Viscount Cranbrook, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Duke of Connaught went out deer-stalking. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning in the presence of the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Royal household, by the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, one of her Majesty's Chaplains. Viscount Cranbrook, the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, and the Rev. Archibald Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice, drove out on Monday morning; and her Majesty in the afternoon drove with the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught to Alt-na-Guihasach. The Duke of Connaught went out deer-stalking. His Royal Highness will leave Balmoral to-day (Saturday) for Buckingham Palace, and will depart from London next Tuesday morning, en route for India, to take over his new command.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to Beyrouth last Saturday afternoon from Damascus and Baalbec. His Royal Highness has been well received by the authorities, but without demonstration. The Duke will probably visit Constantinople on or about Sept. 17. The Duchess of Edinburgh left St. Petersburg on Sunday evening for the country seat of the Grand Duke Sergius in the government of Moscow.

CARPETS. CARPETS.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. have just cleared an importers stock, comprising several hundreds of antique and modern Persian, Indian, and Turkey Carpets, mostly medium sizes, which are being offered at about one-third less than the usual cost. These are worth the early attention of trade and other buyers.—MAPLE and CO., London; and 17 and 18, Local Baron Allotti, Smyrna.

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Department.—MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this Department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent, and quotations given free of charge.

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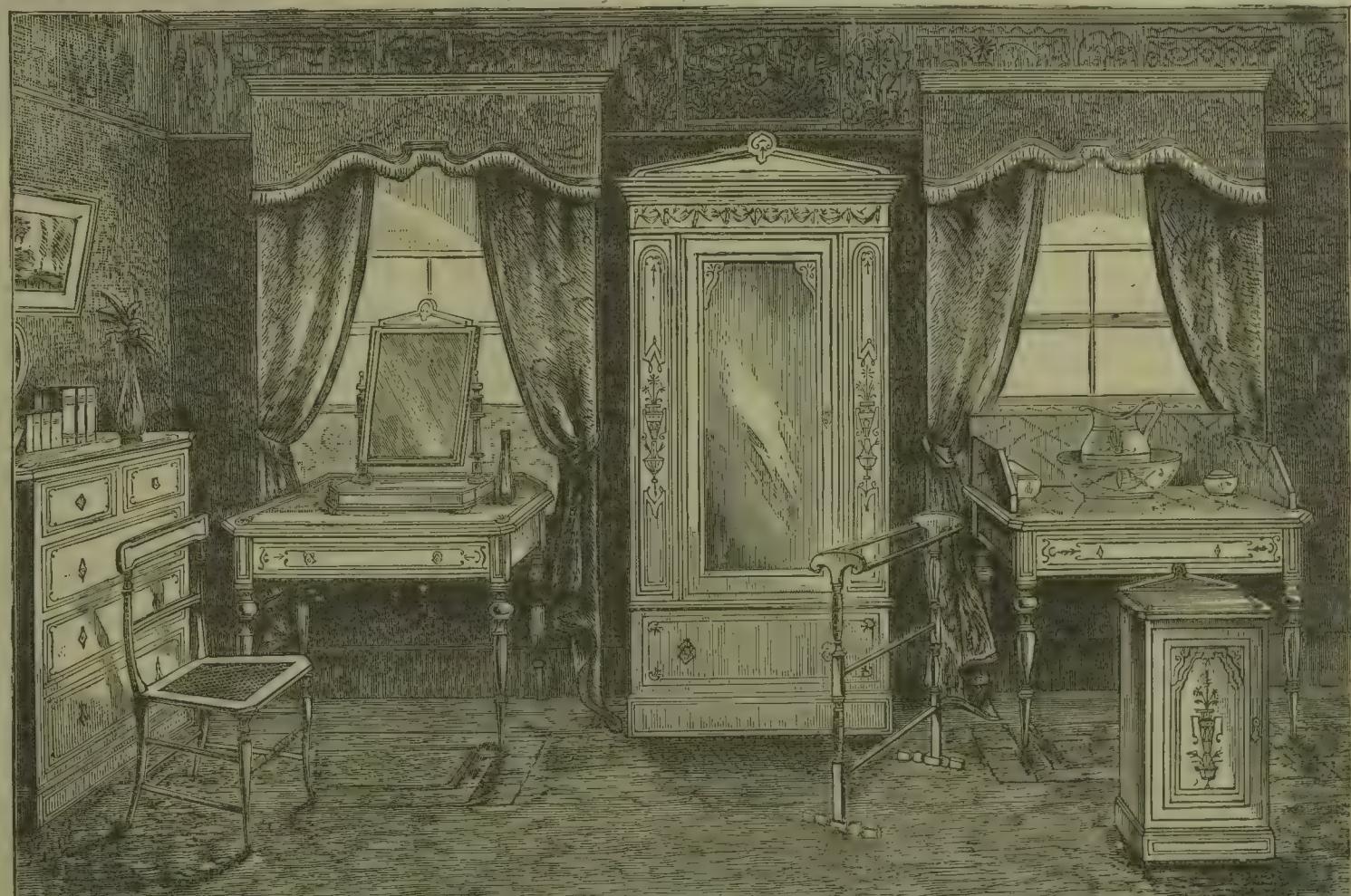
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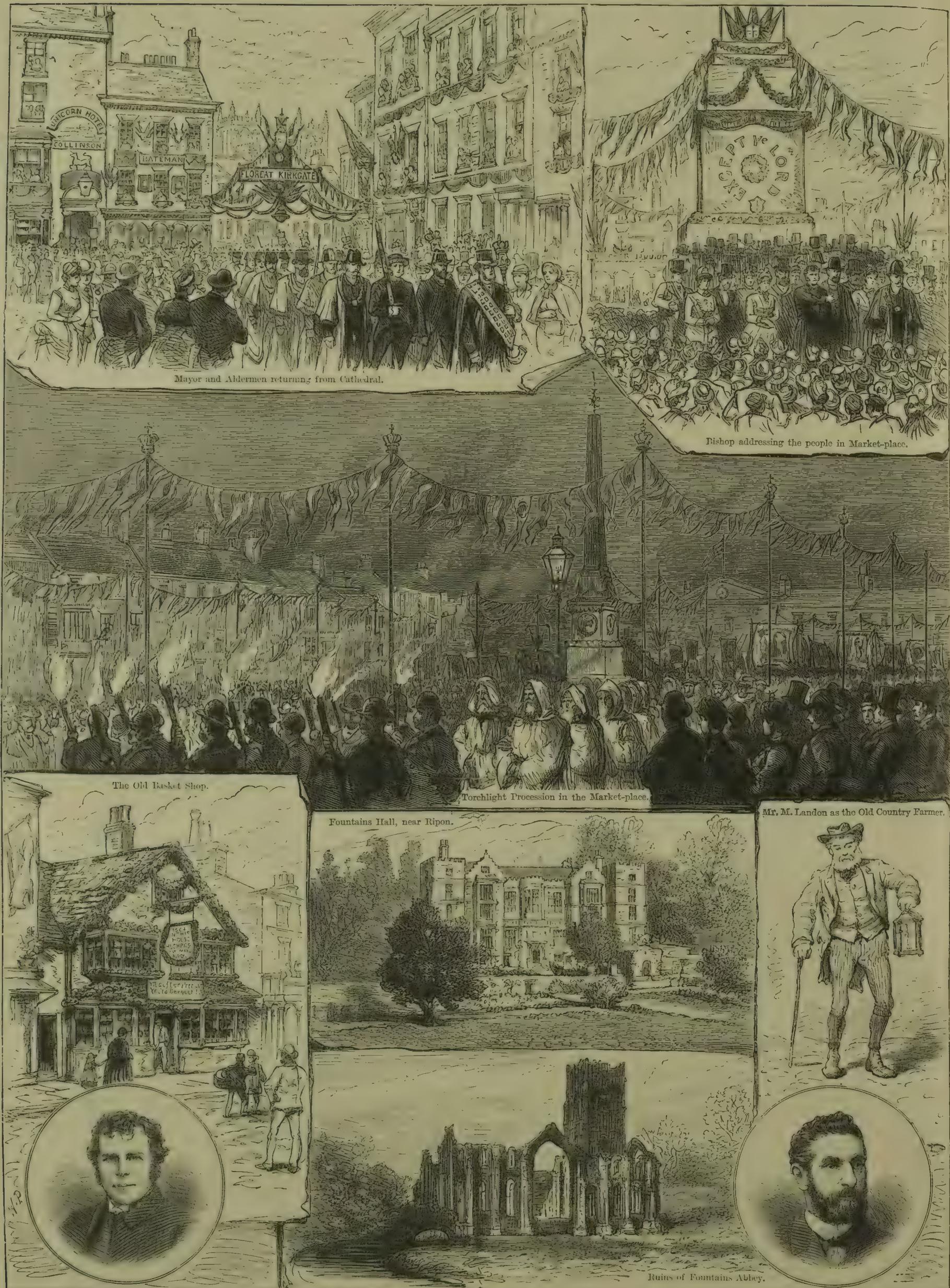
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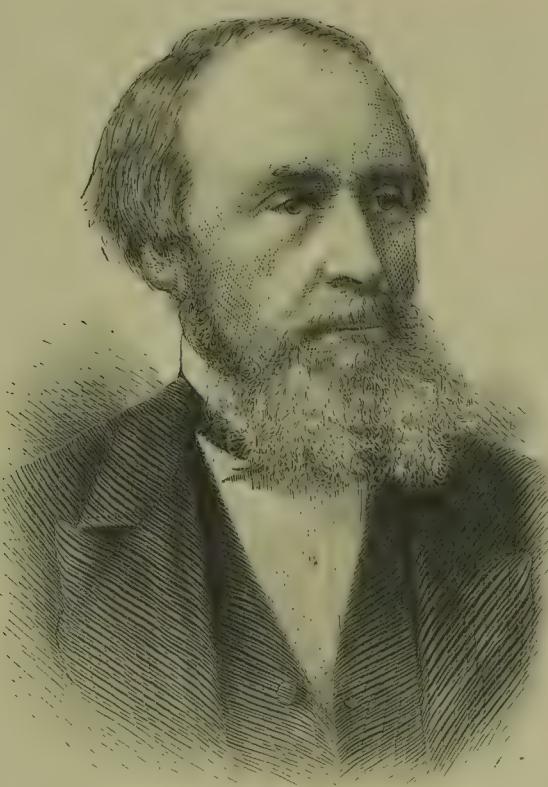
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THE LATE MAJOR W. F. TROTTER,
KILLED IN UPPER BURMAH.



SIR J. W. DAWSON, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., OF MONTREAL,
PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH
ASSOCIATION.

Sir John William Dawson, F.R.S., K.C.M.G., Professor of Natural History and Principal of the McGill College and University at Montreal in Canada, is President of the Congress of the British Association this week at Birmingham. Some biographical particulars are here cited from a memoir of this eminent man of science in the September publication of the *Leisure Hour*. He was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1820, and was educated partly at the College of Pictou, partly at the University of Edinburgh. Returning to Nova Scotia, he devoted himself to geological researches, and in 1842 accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in a tour of that province. He contributed to the Geological Society of London two reports of his studies of the carboniferous rocks of Nova Scotia. In 1846, he again came to this side of the Atlantic, to attend a course of studies in chemistry and physics at the Edinburgh University. He married, in the following year, Miss Margaret Mercer, an Edinburgh lady. After his return to the colony, he resumed his original line of investigations, and rendered useful service in exploring the strata of coal and iron in

Nova Scotia. In 1850, he was appointed Superintendent of Education, and had much to do with the establishment and direction of schools. He wrote, about that time, a volume of essays on agricultural education, which was of much practical utility. In 1855, the Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, appointed him to the Professorship and headship of the University at Montreal, which he still retains. His explorations and scientific works as a geologist, and his literary productions, have been abundant in the last thirty years. He visited, in 1856, the north shores of Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, to examine and report upon the deposits of copper ore. He soon afterwards commenced a systematic study of the fossil remains and geological history of the whole region of Eastern Canada, treating also separately, in his "Acadian Geology," of Nova Scotia and the other maritime provinces. In 1864, he discovered in the Laurentian strata, which had been supposed to be devoid of animal remains, a fossil which is called the *Eozoon Canadense*; the existence of which, if undisputed, may form the basis of most interesting theories, with regard to the formation of the North American Continent, and indeed of the land surface of the globe. Dr. Dawson gave an account of

his researches on the "Structure of Eozoon," the post-pleiocene deposits of Canada, and the succession of palaeozoic floras, at the Birmingham meeting of the British Association in 1865; he also read papers at the Royal Institution of London, and before the Royal Society, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1862. Besides special treatises on the geology of British America, and on the fossil plants of the Silurian and Devonian periods there, he wrote, in the *Leisure Hour* of 1871 and 1872, an interesting series of popular essays, republished in a volume called "The Story of the Earth and Man," which gives a picturesque view of the whole known course of geological changes, and presents the best accepted theories of the beginnings of life and its successive forms, the effects of the glacial period, and the formation of mountains and seas. It is published in London by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Another volume, entitled "The Dawn of Life," affords a popular view of the facts relating to the Eozoon and the most ancient fossils. Dr. Dawson, in 1882, was awarded the Lyell medal of the Geological Society of London, and he is an honorary member of several Universities and learned societies. He was selected, in 1882, by the Marquis of Lorne, to organise the Royal Society of Canada, and to be its first President; in



THE PALACE OF PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA AT SOFIA, WHERE HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE CONSPIRATORS.

the same year he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and his addresses, delivered on these occasions, were received by the public with great attention. In 1883, he journeyed along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Rocky Mountains, and made useful geological observations. He visited England that year, with Sir Charles Tupper, attending the British Association meeting at Southport. In the following year, when the British Association went to Canada, and held its Congress at Montreal, Dr. Dawson, of course, bore an important part in the arrangements, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the present Governor-General. While on this side of the ocean, he made a tour in Egypt and Syria, examining the physical geography and geology of those countries, upon which, and upon allied topics of Biblical record or tradition, he has also written instructively. His services to the University at Montreal are highly appreciated in Canada. His eldest son, Mr. George M. Dawson, is Assistant Director of the Geological Survey of the Canadian Dominion, which has yet a vast amount of promising work to be undertaken. The honour paid to Sir William Dawson in Great Britain is a gratifying proof of the community of interest between this country and the colonies. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Notman and Sandham, of Montreal.

THE LATE MAJOR W. F. TROTTER.

The death of this gallant and useful officer, on July 13, at Manipur, from a wound received in a conflict with a band of dacoits, on May 13, in Upper Burmah, has occasioned much regret. Major William Francis Trotter was forty-three years of age. His first commission, as Ensign in her Majesty's 34th Foot, was dated Feb. 18, 1862. He joined the Bengal Staff Corps in 1867, and obtained an appointment in the Assam province. On his return to India from furlough, in March last, he was appointed to act for Colonel Johnstone, Political Agent of Manipur, and he had also undertaken to carry on the work of Deputy Commissioner of the Upper Chindwin district in addition to his duties as Political Agent of Manipur. He was on his way to Kendat, on May 13, when he and his small escort were treacherously attacked in the middle of the night by six hundred dacoits, at Pantha, near Tummo, in the Kubo Valley. It was during this attack that Major Trotter was shot through the knee. Hopes were at one time entertained of his recovery; but, haemorrhage setting in, he died at Manipur two months afterwards.

An extensive portion of the United States was visited at ten o'clock on Tuesday night by an earthquake. It was felt with most severity in the coast region from Alabama to New York, the heaviest shocks being in the south, notably at Washington, Richmond, Savannah, Augusta, and Raleigh. At Augusta there were ten distinct shocks. The disturbance was alarmingly violent at Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, and Indianapolis. In many places the people rushed out of their houses into the streets, while the theatres were emptied and public meetings hastily dispersed. The earthquake was likewise felt at Chicago, but only to a slight extent, and did not reach any part further west. New England, with the exception of Connecticut, where severe shocks occurred, escaped. In New York and at Brooklyn decided shocks were felt, lasting ten seconds. At Savannah and Augusta people were terribly alarmed, many not venturing to retire to rest the whole night, while in the streets the negroes were kneeling down in prayer.

THE SILENT MEMBER.
Mr. Gladstone, though absent on an enviable holiday in Bavaria, is an abiding influence in Parliament—and in *Punch*. The ex-Premier is conspicuous by his absence from the front Opposition bench of the House of Commons; and he is equally conspicuous by his presence in our "London Charivari": Mr. Linley Samborne in his most humorous style portraying Mr. Gladstone gleefully enjoying himself at his ease in Munich, whilst Lord Randolph Churchill bears up as well as can be expected in this torrid weather as Leader of the House; and Mr. Harry Furniss delineating the "Grand Old Man" likewise as inaugurating a Welsh Home Rule Parliament in the garb of a Welsh Bard. The right honourable gentleman kept himself before the public before his departure by issuing a pamphlet on "The Irish Question," in which he said ditto to himself with undiminished circumlocution. Mr. Gladstone in this *brochure* admits the defeat of his proposals for the purchase of land in Ireland, but firmly adheres to his opinion that Home Rule will be sooner or later given to the Sister Isle by one or the other of the two great Parties in the State:—"I do not venture to forecast the future beyond the expression of an undoubting belief that a measure of self-government for Ireland, not less extensive than the proposal of 1886, will be carried."

Lords and Commons are assuredly to be pitied when, at a vacation period usually devoted to renovating relaxation on loch or moor, river or sea, they are compelled by "Legislature's harsh decree" to broil in the hottest of weather at St. Stephen's. The noble Marquis the Prime Minister, who naturally finds Hatfield a more congenial residence than Arlington-street, bore with philosophic resignation the task imposed upon him of meeting the House of Lords for a merely perfunctory sitting on Monday. The Marquis of Salisbury was supported by the Earl of Iddesleigh and one or two other Ministers; and there was a foeman worthy his steel opposite in the person of the Earl of Rosebery; but the Premier had nothing more important to do than to adroitly brush aside an untimely inquiry by Lord Stanley of Alderley in reference to the claims of Sirdar Prithi Rao. The Prime Minister remarked that the question ought to be deferred until the new Secretary for India, Lord Cross, should take his seat. Lord Halsbury was put to the trouble of resuming his Lord Chancellor's wig and gown on Tuesday for small reason, business being mainly confined to the introduction by Lord Denman of a bill to extend the suffrage to women.

Let the debilitating atmosphere of the House of Commons be close and unbearable as it may, Lord Randolph Churchill cheerfully maintains his habitual sangfroid—encouraged, mayhap, by the jocose whisperings of Sir Henry Matthews, the beaming Home Secretary, who generally sits to the right of the noble Lord on the Treasury bench. Lord Randolph Churchill's blithe readiness in debate carried him a little too far on the Twenty-sixth of August. The noble Lord and a pretty full House, for the time of the year, were on the tiptoe of expectation when the customary inquisition of Ministers was over. Mr. Chamberlain, his thin, sharp face pallid and worn-looking, sat next the Marquis of Hartington on the front Opposition bench ready to spring to his feet when the Speaker should call upon him to resume the debate on the Address. It was obvious from a sententious Lord Randolph Churchill subsequently let drop that he was acquainted with the heads of the argument Mr. Chamberlain had elaborated against the Gladstonian Liberals, and in support of the Government on the one vexed question of the administration of Ireland. But there is a growing dislike on the Liberal (Opposition) side to the manifest co-operation of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington with the Ministry. This

feeling found vent in a remarkable demonstration at the very moment when, in the ordinary course of things, Mr. Chamberlain would have risen. Mr. E. R. Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Daily-Post*, and Radical member for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow, suddenly intervened, and moved the adjournment of the House, in order that he might discuss the appointment of General Sir Redvers Buller to a post as special preserver of the peace in county Kerry. Thereupon, all the Liberal and Parnellite members, save the so-called "Unionists," rose to support the motion. Nothing could have been better than Mr. E. R. Russell's calm and clear marshalling of reasons to prove the injudicious nature of this appointment—from his point of view. In his sprightliest style, Lord Randolph pointed to Sir Charles Warren's acceptance of the Chief Commissionership of Metropolitan Police in justification of the Government's dispatch of Sir Redvers Buller to restore order in Kerry. But the tone of persiflage adopted, indiscreetly, by the noble Lord afforded Sir William Harcourt opportunity for ponderous remonstrance, elicited lively and repeated reproaches from such earnest members as Mr. Illingworth and Mr. J. Dillon, and would have prolonged the debate yet further had not Sir Michael Hicks Beach dexterously poured oil on troubled waters, and assured the House that Sir Redvers Buller would only act in a civil capacity. The motion for adjournment was rejected by 241 to 146 votes. Meantime, the stress laid on the severity of the wholesale evictions in Kerry will not be lost sight of by the Government.

So it came about that Mr. Chamberlain was not able to make his set speech until after dinner, when he rose from the front Opposition bench in the full panoply of evening dress, and might well have been a member of Lord Salisbury's Ministry, so loudly was the right hon. gentleman cheered from the Ministerial benches when he objected to Mr. Parnell's amendment for the arrest of evictions, and attacked his former colleagues in the liveliest and most trenchant manner. The most important passage in his speech was that in which he firmly declared his resolve not to take part in any division calculated to expel the present Ministry from office whilst the only alternative would be the return to power of what he designated as a "Separatist" Government. The application of this epithet to the late Ministry roused the ire of Sir Charles Russell, who made an effective reply. In the end, Mr. Sexton and Sir William Harcourt having also answered the philippics of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Parnell's amendment was on the Friday night negatived by a majority of 123 (304 against 181 votes).

In the debate last Monday on Mr. S. Smith's and Mr. Cremer's humanitarian amendments adverse to the continuation of the war in Burmah, Sir John Gorst amply justified his appointment as Under-Secretary for India by citing good reasons for agreement with the policy of annexation. The amendments of Mr. Cremer and Mr. S. Smith were dismissed respectively by majorities of 76 and 73. It was made manifest by the debate on Mr. Esslemont's amendment on Tuesday that the relations of the Scottish crofters with their landlords continue to be of a most unsatisfactory nature, albeit the amiable and courteous Secretary for Scotland, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Mr. J. B. Balfour defended the Act lately passed for the relief of the Crofters. But there was a majority of 82 against the amendment (203 to 121). "Mr. Speaker," who was impelled to insist on certain minor members resuming their seats, will doubtless impartially suppress irrelevance on the part of Ministers and ex-Ministers. The great heat has driven many members to pair, and rush out of town. But still, Ministers and a goodly number of followers are faithful among the faithless found to finish the legislative work of the Session.

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POETRY.

Perhaps the "paltry critic" gibbeted at the second page (after the dedication) of *Stories of Wicklow*: by G. F. Armstrong (Longmans and Co.), only means the critic who does not agree with the poet; and the critic who does agree with the poet is quite a different person altogether, worthy of a much more complimentary epithet. Let haste be made at once, then, to express the most cordial agreement with the opinions enunciated (melodiously) in "An Invocation," and to assure the writer that the mountain-muse, with her waving hair and venturesome mien, and tameless woodland ways, with her wild wood-flowers and garlands green, with sounds of stream and tree, with clearness of the mountain air, and fragrance of the sea, is certainly far more likely to "assuage the deeper want than seas of sensual art." True it is that there be poets who sing "for love is of the valley"; and true it is, no doubt, that love is of the valley, and that poets are high priests of love. But what do the poets sing again? "Come down, O maid! from yonder mountain height." In the mountain it is that you must seek her; and to the mountain, after she has descended and exchanged sweet whispers with you, and breathed her inspiration into you, depend upon it she will ascend again. So, at least, any muse that respects herself will be sure to do; and so she will preserve her freshness, her vigour, her buoyancy. To this fact the author's own productions bear ample witness, whether he be telling a long, romantic, eventful tale in four "parts" and in many varieties of lyric verse, or exhibiting his dashing powers of description, as in the piece entitled "The Glen of the Horse," or in the spirited lay of the flood, and of the maiden rescued from death, or in the two "parts" of "Luggala," or in other poems long or short. To mention so poor a thing as spelling on such an occasion as this is, no doubt, to introduce something akin to bathos; but a curious effect is sometimes produced when, as at page 39, you light upon an expression which puzzles you and makes you rub your eyes, quite aware that there is something wrong but totally unable to make up your mind what it is, until it is suddenly revealed to you that "the Saracen's hoard" which the gallant Sir Roland is said to have routed, should no doubt have been written "the Saracen's horde": Sir Roland would have plundered the "hoard," but routed the "horde." And so we go on our way rejoicing.

The "Colinderies" have shown what powerful rivals we have, so far as the industries of life are concerned, in our colonies; and such little books as *Songs of the Singing Shepherd* (A. D. Willis, Wanganui, New Zealand) go to prove that, in literature also, they may venture to run a race with us, and may, at any rate, "make us gallop." There has not yet arisen (it is generally understood) any colonial Shakespeare or Milton, or other "bard sublime"; but it is evident from the performances of "The Singing Shepherd" (who declares no other name) that "the New Zealander" of British extraction will be able to write something quite equal to the efforts of our "minor poets" in lamentation over the day when "the New Zealander" of aboriginal descent "sketches the ruins of London Bridge." It should be gratifying to "Ouida" to know that a tribute of gratitude is paid to her by "The Singing Shepherd," who, unlike our prejudiced folk at home, can discriminate between the "Ouida" of "Moths" and the "Ouida" of "Bimbi," is not blind to the existence of genius which is sometimes perverted, and can gratefully accept the good whilst respectfully declining to give approbation to the evil.

A little volume of more merit than pretence is *Procris; and Other Poems*: by W. G. Hole (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), containing some musical utterances, pitched for the most part in the minor key. The writer appears to be so constituted mentally and morally as to find in poetical composition the most natural and spontaneous form of expression; and to this innate tendency is added no little skill in the mechanical art of versification. This is especially noticeable in the smooth, neat, elegant blank verse in which the majority of the pieces are written. But, if there are many of the charms, there are not a few also of the tricks for which our modern muse is distinguished, such as an apparently intentional and deliberate circumlocution, a conundrum-like manner of propounding sentiments, obscuration in the absence and in the stead of profundity, violent metaphors, forced comparisons, fallacious images, extravagant and even grotesque fancies. Nor is the writer quite careful enough of grammatical propriety and usage: a certain license has always been allowed in that respect to poets, no doubt, but they have always been expected to avoid sheer vulgarisms, such as (p. 63) "and gazing long, he built, like (*sic*) dreamers build"; and again (p. 102), "like (*sic*) prisoners watch, through gratings dark, the first doomed die, they watched the child." Especially as, in these cases, the dire necessity of metre is obviously no plea. In the pretty, plaintive, graceful piece entitled "Procris," the longest of the collection, the writer has chosen the simplest, purest, and most touching version of the myth; though, by-the-way, it is doubtful whether any version represents the wife, who paid so heavily for her jealousy of formless "Aura," as having lived long enough after her fatal wound to address her remorseful husband in so many pages of almost unexceptionable blank verse. As for what the writer says in the introductory remarks concerning "The Wandering Jew" and the probability of his being still alive and "on the tramp," it seems impossible that he could escape notice, if, as appears from the poem, he bewrays himself in long metrical outbursts to passers-by, and—what is more—wears shoes, which must necessarily wear out and require substitutes or mending. Depend upon it, in these days of newspaper competition and advertisement, his daily "record" would be kept, and some enterprising tradesman would infallibly command himself to public custom as "boot and shoe maker to the Wandering Jew."

Here is "The Wandering Jew" again in *Feda; with Other Poems, chiefly Lyrical*: by Rennell Rodd (David Stott), having, by way of pictorial embellishment, "an etching by Harper Pennington," which, no doubt, is a portrait of "Feda," and may be fairly considered to do her justice, as though it may not be a masterpiece of art or earthly beauty, it has a certain appropriate ethereal charm. But to recur to the "Wandering Jew." The legend is here treated altogether in a fashion different from that which is usual: the Jew is certainly still called Ahasuerus (a name which of itself excites suspicions as to the genuineness of the received story), but there is some little difference as regards the nature of his unpardonable sin, and he is (very reasonably) made out to have ultimately obtained mercy—to have been permitted to die, in fact—in the year A.D. 810, and to have been buried in Eastertide of that year by the very hermit who tells the story. The poem is a really fine and impressive example of blank verse; and both in sentiment and in workmanship does the writer great credit. The much longer story of "Feda" is written in another style, of course, for it is a romantic tale of modern life, and the metre is "rhymed tens"; it is, however, equally creditable to the writer, and, though the subject is not so tremendous, so awful, so sublime—being, in fact, a chastened and refined sample of the inaudible—

it is interesting, pathetic, and occasionally quite beautiful. It is thoroughly agreeable and readable from first to last. Then for vigour, spirit, and a grim pathos worthy of the heroes who were fabled to dwell in the halls of Odin, the reader may be referred to "Juba's Death." May the writer be asked, however, whether the "Sittius" of the second line should not be "Attius"? According to received authority it was the latter who was on Pompey's side, the former on Caesar's. Not that it matters much; but it is so nice for the "paltry critic" to catch the noble poet out in something that is of no consequence whatever. And poet the writer certainly is, though he may not attain to the rank of the "grand old masters." Curiously enough he, too, plays false with strait-laced grammar in the matter of our old friend "like," for at page 71 we read about the "folk who love like we (*sic*)"; an impossible construction, unless we may accept "like" for "like as." One of the writer's best characteristics, which he shares with the best old poets, is his perfect freedom from any suspicion of wilful un-intelligibility: he is lucidity itself, and his verse is as sweet and soothing as a southerly breeze.

There is a singular fascination for a host of readers about a volume like *Essays on Poetry and Poets*: by the Hon. Roden Noel (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), wherein the author, himself a poet of no mean order, but of less celebrity perhaps than he should have acquired, according to his deserts, turns critic and lecturer, treating of a subject with which he should be familiar, and passes in review, one after another, personages who have for most of us a never-failing interest, and with here a little illustrative piece of poetry, and there a critical observation, whether his own or another's, entertains us with most delightful discourses, in which we ourselves are competent, as it were, to join, in however humble a manner. See what charming themes he has taken up: the poetic interpretation of Nature to begin with; and then he goes on to Chatterton, Lord Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Robert Browning, Robert Buchanan, and Walt Whitman; ending with an account of some "rambles by Cornish seas." This should be at least as good as "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

"Mille modis placuit" is the phrase that naturally occurs to one upon taking a bee-like course through the pages of *Somnia Medici*: by John A. Goodchild (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), and regaling oneself with an occasional sip from flower after flower. So many are the humours in which the author writes with almost equal success, being moved at one time apparently by the spirit of the old Greek tragedians, and at another by some playful imp like Puck; and so many are the metres which he manages with equal felicity, so easy does it seem to him to revel in rhyme. And now a miracle has to be recorded; here is a writer of verses, nay, a poet of more than ordinary pretensions, who is so satisfied with his critics that he actually dedicates to them this second series of "dreams," in acknowledgment of the proper manner in which they dealt with the first. The "paltry critic," then, for once in his life, may be considered to have scored.

THE WORK OF THE POST OFFICE.

The annual report on the Post Office, recently issued, estimates that during the preceding twelve months 1,403,547,900 letters, 171,290,000 post-cards, 342,207,400 book-packets and circulars, and 147,721,100 newspapers were delivered in the United Kingdom, besides 26,417,422 parcels, making in all a grand total of 2,091,183,822 deliveries, being 4·2 per cent increase. The increase in parcels was 15·3 per cent, and that in newspapers only 2·8 per cent. New post offices were opened during the year in 371 places, and some 860 letter-boxes have been added, making a present total of about 34,280 receptacles, including 16,805 post offices. The rate of postage on letters exceeding 12 oz. in weight, which, previous to July 1 last, was 1d. per ounce, has been reduced to 1d. per 2 oz. Thus, whereas a letter weighing 15 oz. formerly cost 1s. 3d., it can now be sent for 5d. There has been a large increase in the number of such letters.

At the commencement of the parcels post with Belgium, several cages of live birds were received from that country, but as the dispatch of live birds is contrary to regulations, the Belgian authorities were requested to prevent any more being sent. On other occasions a live pigeon, a live fowl, 150 live frogs, many bees, and snakes were detected and stopped in transit through the post from different countries.

The number of letters, post-cards, newspapers, parcels, &c., received in the Returned Letter Offices was 12,822,067, an increase of 4·7 per cent over the previous year. Of this number 441,765 were unreturnable. 175,246 contained inclosures of value, and 26,928 were posted without any address. Among the letters bearing no address were 1620 which contained £3733 in cash and cheques, &c. Among the contents of parcels received in the Returned Letter Office in Dublin, having been stopped as contrary to the regulations, were two hens, eight mice, and two hedgehogs. One of the hens, which was addressed to a veterinary surgeon in London, was in bad health, and although carefully attended to, died in the office. The remaining hen, as well as the mice and the hedgehogs, were given up alive to the owners.

The Post Office has not unfrequently to bear blame for irregularities for which it is not responsible. For instance, complaint was made last year at Liverpool that a packet containing a bottle of wine and a box of figs had been duly posted but not delivered. Upon further inquiry, the sender ascertained that the person to whom the packet was entrusted to post had eaten the figs and drunk the wine. Again, the department was blamed for the non-delivery of a letter addressed to Mrs. Jones, Newmarket, near Blyth; but it appeared that there were no less than twenty-nine Mrs. Joneses residing in that place, and it was impossible for the postman to decide for which of these ladies the letter was intended. In another instance a letter containing a cheque for a considerable sum of money was alleged to have been stolen. It was ultimately found among the straw of a kennel torn into fragments, but no pieces missing. The postman had duly delivered the letter, having, at the request of the addressee, pushed it with others under the front door, and some puppies had carried it to the kennel and torn it.

The business of the Post-Office Savings Bank shows a considerable increase during the year. The total amount due to depositors on Dec. 31 was £47,697,838, an increase of £2,924,065 over the previous year. In addition to this, the balance of Government Stock held by depositors at the close of the year was £2,452,252; making the total sum due to depositors £50,150,090, distributed over 3,535,650 separate accounts. The sum credited to depositors for interest was £1,092,112, being an increase of £66,995 over the previous year.

As to the telegraph service, the report says the number of inland messages in the first six months, under the old rate, was 11,314,423, and produced £604,436. The number in the last six months, under the new rate, was 16,787,540, and produced £564,203. Comparing the last six months with the corresponding period in the year 1884-5, the figures show an increase of 48 per cent in the number of messages, and a decrease of £40,233 in the revenue.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is recorded of Amalie Sieveking, the founder of Protestant sisterhoods in Germany, that she said that so unhappy had been her own childhood that she could not understand how it was possible for anybody to look back upon that period as the happiest time of life. If everyone had a strong memory and a great regard for truth, I fear that Amalie Sieveking would have many to endorse her hard saying. The fact is that children live under an almost irresponsible despotic government. Parents, nurses, and teachers all have authority over the little ones, and can make them more or less wretched by its misuse. So few of us, women or men, are at all fit to be trusted with absolute power—are both wise enough and kind enough to be really benevolent despots—that it is no wonder if a considerable proportion of our subjects are rendered miserable by our conscious or unconscious faults. I do not speak of deliberate ill-use or actual neglect of the bodily needs; but rather of petty tyrannies, tiny injustices, and minor physical cruelties: all of which occasionally masquerade in the guise of training and beneficial treatment. Little things are quite sufficient to make children unhappy. Often, too, those who seem the boldest or the brightest by nature amongst them are really most easily crushed. The sensitive nervous systems, and soft, impressionable little hearts are as readily hurt and injured by rough, careless, contemptuous treatment, as young trees are by savage winds. As the tree may be permanently warped, even when not destroyed, by inclement weather, so there is no doubt that a child's nerves and temper may be seriously damaged for life by improper governance. Many cases of nervous disease, and yet more of constitutional depression of spirits, of timidity, of selfishness, of obstinate opposition to others, and of want of power to love, amongst adults, depend upon the cruel treatment and petty oppression endured by the sufferers in childhood. Habits of mind are formed by the youthful experiences, and are as hard to break through at a later period as habits of action notoriously are.

I write apropos to a scene which I have just witnessed, and which was of the most painful character; and yet of so common an order of blunder that I doubt not most of my readers will have seen a similar incident this very season. A big, strong girl of sixteen or so strode out from a bathing-machine, bearing on her left arm a fair-haired little child of some five summers old. The little one began to cry the moment she found herself in the midst of what, no doubt, seemed to her a raging flood. Regardless of the terror, the elder girl marched out till she was breast-high in the water, and then, pulling the clinging little arms from her neck, and pinioning them across the heaving bosom of her helpless charge, she "dipped" the little one—once, twice, thrice. The water choked the screams for an instant; but as soon as the victim was replaced on the arm, she clung round the elder's neck, and shrieked with an abandonment to anguished terror that made my heart stand still. In another moment, the trembling form and over-wrought nerves were in the bathing-machine again; and the mother of the poor little morsel doubtless supposed that it had received some benefit from the shocking performance. When, in a few months, this child may have a convulsive fit, or when, ten years hence, the nerves, so cruelly strained, break down at a critical period of life, and St. Vitus' dance, or epilepsy, or deafness, afflicts the girl, it will not occur to anybody to look back for its origin to the wrench given to the nervous system by the terror and torture of this "dip."

My most respected co-contributor, G. A. S., in a recent number of "Echoes," mentioned some law reports which seem almost to have brought him to agree with Blackstone when that sage observes—"So great a favourite is the female sex of the laws of England." I hope G. A. S. will not think me very discontented if I fail to see the advantages to the female sex in the matters to which he refers. As regards the married woman debtor, whose case was adjourned for her creditor to see if he could produce evidence that she had any means wherewith to pay her debt, she had merely the same advantage which male debtors enjoy. Now-a-days, a man may safely swindle for small amounts by pretending to purchase goods without possessing means to pay for them. He will not be sent to prison for failure to pay, unless his creditor can prove that he really has, but wilfully refuses to produce, the money. So far, then, there is no favour to women. But it occurs to me that there is some hardship in the fact that a woman may be married to a well-to-do man, and may perform for him domestic services for which he would have to pay a hired housekeeper fifteen or twenty shillings a week, besides her board, and yet the wife may be counted as absolutely penniless. She has no right to any fraction of her husband's property to use at her own discretion; nor can she claim wages from him, however hard she may work. Unless he be generous, and give her money as a favour, she may be totally unable to pay her debts; and her husband will in no case be liable for them unless they were contracted while living with him, or for bare "necessaries."

Then there is the poor man who could not get a separation order from his wife, though she was drunken and violent. Well, a woman never gets a separation order from her husband because he is drunken and violent. It is only when he has been convicted for committing an aggravated assault upon her that the separation can take place. Such an assault means ill-treatment of a kind that hardly any woman, however well armed, and however stalwart of will to beat, has the physical power to inflict upon a man; unless, indeed, he be a voluntarily submitting party, like the big sailor who was willing for his wife to beat him because it pleased her and did not hurt him. "If a man have a competent strength of mind, he hath always a sufficient strength of body to defend himself, and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be beaten against his will," as G. A. S. will doubtless remember that Smollett says (with one word altered). However, a man can have his wife sent to prison for assaulting him, or he can get a separation in the Divorce Court for cruelty. There was once a Captain Wallis, who about twenty years ago published his travels. He went to visit the Queen of Otaheite. As he walked with her, they came to a marsh, which Wallis shrank from crossing; upon observing this, the Queen quietly caught him up, threw him across her shoulders like a bag of meal, and carried him over. Whether it would have been discreet for Captain Wallis to marry the Queen of Otaheite, and whether if he had done so he might have needed magisterial protection from her, are debateable points. But, alas! how few of us have the strength of that savage potentate! How few of the generally stronger sex would have the plodding of a Wallis under the exhibition of female physical force!

To make a Tipsy Loaf:—Take a hot French roll, rasp it to remove the hardness of the crust, and pour a pint of port over it; leave it, covered up, soaking for half-an-hour. Boil an ounce of maccaroni in water till it is soft. Drain it on the sieve, then mix with it a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut, and as much thick cream as will hold together with the maccaroni. Then put it all in an enamelled saucepan with six ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, and shake it over the fire till it is like a custard. Pour this very hot over the soaked roll, brown the top, and serve.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

From time immemorial man has been possessed by a keen desire to fly. Ever since he had intelligence enough to observe the motions of the winged creatures of the air, he has envied them, and craved for the power which would place him, one cannot say on an equal footing, but in a position to emulate them. The rapidity with which they can transport themselves from place to place was, no doubt, the primary attraction of their means of locomotion, and first made him set his wits to work to try and compass his desire in some artificial fashion. He saw the vast uses to which wings could be put for every purpose of his daily life. But beyond this, the thought of soaring high into the firmament, perhaps, even, of reaching the stars, and of regarding the immense prospects spread out before him, had in it overwhelming fascination. Fancy and imagination and all the loftiest aspirations of the human soul were allured by the idea no less than by the more material benefits that would ensue. Both mind and body seemed to feel that no other physical attribute could at all compare with wings, hardly alone for their absence. Young and old, the happy and the miserable, mankind in all conditions of life, alike felt, and to this day feel, that the power to fly would be the grandest, the most stupendous of acquisitions. To youth it looks but as a natural and most fitting accompaniment to its energetic, buoyant, and joyous spirit, whilst we know that to the aged and weary, it seems to offer that means of escape from the cares and sorrows of the world as expressed by David when he prayed "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." From his far-off days up to the present moment, the wish, instead of abating, has increased; and philosophers, no less than engineers, inventors, and scientists, are more sanguine than ever as to the ultimate accomplishment of the object. Whether their opinion is well founded or not, time alone will show. Considering the mighty strides which the ingenuity of man has made during the last fifty years, there seems no reason to doubt that they are right. If they be, one trembles to think of the revolution, material, social, mental, which the gift of artificial wings to humanity generally would bring about. It is vain to speculate on its results; but a moment's thought is sufficient to prove that they will be the most gigantic history will ever have to record. Steam and electricity, and all the rest of the scientific wonders of the day will be as nothing compared to the invention of a thoroughly practical flying-machine.

Meanwhile, we must rest content to be bound to the solid earth, and do the best we can to carry out our aspirations here upon our own ground. At present we can only invade the element of bird and insect in an abortive fashion. Nevertheless, the longing remains, and never, perhaps, is it as strong as when the whirligig of time brings us to the brow of some commanding elevation. "Over the hills and far away," as we stand like a greyhound "at gaze," our eye roams enviously; and, whether we want to "fly away and be at rest," or merely to explore and investigate, the desire to follow in the lofty wake of yonder swift-travelling bird possesses us. The very extent of the prospect within our view appears to create the appetite to see more and more. In this respect of mighty outlooks especially does it grow and grow. No matter what the "coign of vantage" is—cathedral tower or mountain top—the instinct becomes paramount in most sensitive and imaginative temperaments. They would involuntarily exclaim, with Thomson—

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

Although these lines were inspired by no more extensive scene than that afforded from the terrace of Richmond Hill, they yet express the feeling broadly to which every such view gives rise. This one embraces, as it were, the leading elements of all others in their most fascinating guise, quite sufficient to call up the longing to look beyond—to get, in fact, a "bird's-eye view," less beautiful, in a pictorial sense, though this might be.

Take, by way of contrast, a prose description of another great outlook as an instance even more appropriate to our purpose, since it is that of the picture which suggested the title of this paper, and which the word pictorial reminds one of:—"This view includes Strath Tay, as seen from near Birnam, in Perthshire, with Ben-y-Glow in the centre distance, whilst the range of vision extends to Dunkeld. In front are pools shining in the vapour-softened lustre of a sunny day, and reflecting clumps of flowering rush now gone to seed, that form tiny islets; the pools are encircled by mosses of various kinds, vegetable sponges that are vividly green, red, orange, brown, and grey. Among these growths are seedling grasses, starved bushes that cling to the soaked earth, and are contorted like writhing snakes, black stumps, boulders, and ragged blocks of stone, the débris of convulsive forces of centuries long gone by. A hill rises on our left, with pines and a distant house or two; on our right is another hill; between these hills, the vista of the Strath is seen under the whitish-grey, cloud-like masses of vapour, which with their fringes have formed across the view. The landscape includes the whole vast span of earth, with a long course of the winding river, and terminates in the barrier of hills, with their manifold valleys partly obscured by shadows."

Who, standing for ten minutes in front of this delightful landscape of Millais, and having become entirely absorbed by the beauty of the scene, will fail in imagination to travel from ridge to ridge of those receding hills, as they melt away one beyond the other, until they end in "blue nothing"; or who would not pine to see something still beyond, precisely as one would face to face with Nature herself! Oh, for the wings of a bird, rises spontaneously to the lips! The sentinent and poetry of the place, no less than its reality, as rendered by the painter, are all around us, and we long to put into practice David's aerial aspirations. Descending again, however, from the clouds—as descend sooner or later we always must, while "this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in"—and enforced to tread warily across the foreground at our feet, we, nevertheless, for awhile happily need not quite escape from the region of the Imaginative. There is the swarm of winged life which we know is hovering and clustering about these reedy pools, with their "spongy mosses," weeds, and grasses. Albeit we may know that the pestilent midge is not absent from the glittering throng, and that many another stinging denizen of the air may make his presence felt, we shall still, perhaps, conjure up the feeling that it would be pleasant to hold no more important position in the world than a fly, if it were only for the sake of possessing a pair of wings of our own, and on them to be wafted hither and thither through the soft sunlight at the sweet will of the passing wind. A taste of such joys of independence which these ephemera experience, although not lifting them very high above the earth, might yet seem a temptation to the enthusiast keen upon the idea of ranging through the air in defiance of all geographical obstacles, "over the hills and far away."

W. W. F.

Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry left New York in the Umbria for England last Saturday.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2197 and 2199 received from John J. Milner (Christchurch, New Zealand); of 2201 to 2205 from O. H. Bate (Richmond, City of Good Hope); of 2202 from H. T. H.; of 2203 to 2211 from L. K. Hirsch (Pisa); of 2206 to 2208 from U. N. Martin (Calcutta); of 2207 from Thomas Chown, R. H. Brook, and J. K. (South Hampstead); of 2207 and 2208 from John Cooman (Dublin); of 2209 from Thomas Chown; of 2209 from W. B. Smith and Woodliffe; of 2210 from E. F. Field, C. E. T., Edmund Field, J. W. S., and C. H. Southgate.

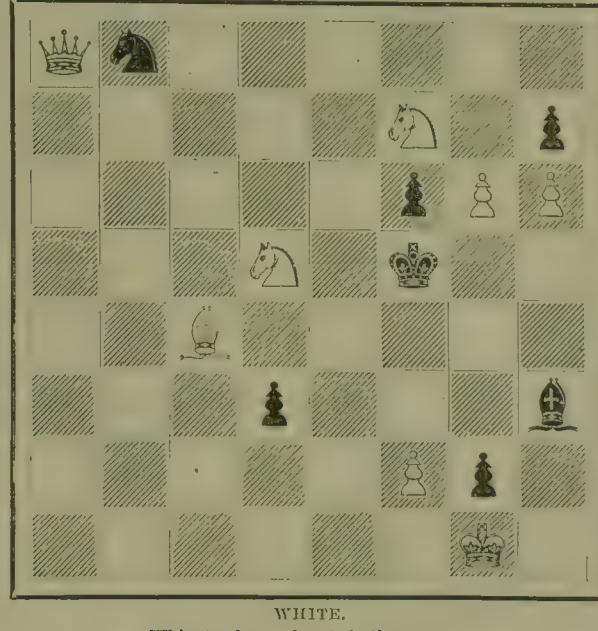
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2211 received from Dalbeattie, G. E. P., E. Loudon, H. Reeve, J. B. Wearing, Rev. Winfield Cooper, W. B. Smith, A. C. Hunt, B. R. Wood, Thomas Chown, Hereward, W. Hillier, Oliver Leving, P. J. Gibbs, Edward J. Gibbs, Junior, W. H. D. Henvey, Alpha, Ben, Nevis, L. Desanges, L. Wyman, R. H. Brooks, C. Oswald, W. Biddle, R. L. Southwell, Shadforth, Julia Short, H. Lucas, E. Elsley, C. C. M. (Dundee), R. Tweddell, Laura Greaves (Sutton), Bates of Otley, Jupiter Junior, E. Caselli (Paris), W. R. Railem, J. A. Schumucke, S. Bollen, Otto Fulder (Ghent), A. Tannenbaum, G. W. Law, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, E. Featherstone, T. Roberts, W. Heathcote, H. T. H., J. K. (South Hampstead), E. R. H. Wardell, George A. Bullingall, C. Darragh, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), N. S. Harris, H. Z. (Manchester), Richard Murphy, Joseph Ainsworth, and C. H. Southgate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2208.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 4th Q takes P 3. Mates accordingly.
2. B to K 6th (ch) Any move Variations obvious.

PROBLEM NO. 2213.
By JOSEF POSPIŠIL, of Prague.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the late Tournament of the British Chess Association between Messrs. LITSCHEUTZ and SCHALLOPP.
(Buy Lopz.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	13. R to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	14. P to Q 4th	B takes Kt
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	15. B takes B	P to Q 3rd
Known as Mortimer's defence. It is a sort of trap for the attack, should the first player now take the K P with Kt, when Black wins a piece by 5. P to B 3rd; 6. B to R 4th or B 4th, Q to R 4th (ch), winning the Kt.			
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	16. B to Q 3rd	Kt to R 5th
6. B to B 4th	Kt to K 3rd	17. Q to R 5th	Kt takes B
7. Castles	P to Q 4th	18. P takes Kt	Q to Q 3rd
8. P takes P	P takes P	19. R to K 3rd	K R to K sq
9. B to Kt 5th (ch)	B to Q 2nd	20. Q R to K sq	R takes R
10. R to K sq	B to Kt 5th	21. R takes R	Kt to B sq
10. B to Q 3rd would not save the Pawn, as White after 11. Kt takes P, Kt takes Kt, can regain the piece by 12. P to Q 4th.			
11. Kt takes K P	Castles	22. P to Q 4th	P takes P
23. B takes B P			
24. Q to K 2nd			
25. B to K 3rd			
26. P to Kt 3rd			
27. R to K 8th			
Q to Q 2nd			
Altogether overlooking the beautiful and decisive stroke that follows.			
28. Q to B 4th, and Black resigned.			

The tenth, and, as it turned out, the final game in the match between Messrs. Mackenzie and Burn was commenced at Simpson's Divan on the 23rd ult., and after a prolonged struggle, extending over two days and 114 moves, was abandoned as drawn. It was, probably, the exhaustive character of this game, as well as the advice of mutual friends, that induced the players at this point to agree to draw the match also. At all events, it was so arranged, the score standing at four all and two draws. The match excited exceptional interest in its progress, partly from the remarkably brilliant play of Captain Mackenzie in the first four games, and partly from the resolute defence against "brilliances" by Mr. Burn during the remainder of the match. Not a chance of a sound sacrifice of any kind was given to the American champion in any of the remaining six games that were won or drawn by Mr. Burn. Both gentlemen are to be congratulated, not only on the result of the match but on the friendly feeling which prevailed between them from the beginning to the end of the contest.

No one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Burn has declined Mr. Gunsberg's challenge. He has been engaged in serious match play for over two months, and is fairly entitled to rest on his laurels for some time to come. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that a match will eventually be arranged between them, as it would certainly be productive of masterly chess on both sides.

The London bankers have at length adopted the Saturday half holiday free of discount. A circular of Sir John Lubbock informs the public that, from Oct. 2 next, with the beginning of the new quarter, the banks will close their doors at two o'clock on Saturdays, instead of at three.

Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., opened on Wednesday the ninth annual industrial exhibition of articles of manufacture, works of art, executed by members and students of the Young Men's Christian Institute at the Polytechnic. The display was one of great interest. The efforts of the committee on behalf of technical education have been most successful, the number of students last year attending the classes exceeding 6000. The exhibition demonstrated the kind of instruction given, and there were students in about fifteen of the different trades classes working at their various handicrafts.

A more tempting little posy—to look at—than *The Romance of Love*, which is a "garland of verse," by W. H. Jewitt (Elliot Stock), is seldom offered for acceptance; and it shall be cordially acknowledged that readers will have no just cause to complain of an attempt to lure them through the eye to that which will not repay them for their expenditure of time in reread. The themes are very poetically and artistically handled, with very graceful imagery, picturesque description, tender sentiment, just thought, and with a variety of harmonious numbers. In one piece there may be a strong reminder of "Solomon's Song," but only in respect of its better attributes; and, so far, therefore, this is something upon which the writer may be congratulated. And all that is earthly in the several portions of the collection is corrected, as it were, and hallowed by a prevalent spirit of earnest but unpretentious religion, without producing any such effect as is commonly expected from what is contemptuously termed "psalm-singing." It is scarcely too much to say that, small as the volume is, there is in it something for everybody who takes any pleasure at all in such publications; at any rate, anybody who fails to find anything enjoyable and admirable in it must either belong to a very superior order of beings indeed, or be singularly deficient in ordinary taste and the appreciative faculty.

AMONG THE GALLOWAY BECKS.

It rained heavily at intervals all night, and, though it has cleared a little since daybreak, there is not a patch of blue to be seen yet in the sky, and the torn skirts of the clouds are still trailing low among the hills. The day can hardly brighten now before twelve o'clock, and as the woods, at any rate, will be rain-laden and weeping for hours, the walk through "fair Kirkconnel lea" is not to be thought of. The lawn, too, is out of condition for tennis. But see! the burn, brown with peat and flecked with foam, is running under the bridge like ale, and though the spate is too heavy for much hope of catching trout down here, there will be good sport for the trouble higher up among the moorland becks. Bring out the fishing-baskets, some small Stewart tacklings, and a canister of bait. Put up, too, a substantial sandwich and a flask; for the air among the hills is keen, and the mists are sometimes chilly.

How wet the roads are! There will be more rain yet, for the pools in the ruts are not clear. That slender larch on the edge of the wood has put on a greener kirtle in the night, and stands forward like a young bride glad amid her tears. If a glint of sunshine came to kiss her there, she would glitter with a hundred rain-jewels. The still, heavy air is aromatic with the scent of the pines. Here by the roadside, the ripening oats are bending their graceful heads after the rain, like Dana, with their golden burden, though the warrior hosts of the barley beyond still hold their spiky crests green and erect. The long, springing step natural on the heather shortens the road to the hills; and already a tempting burn or two have been crossed by the way. But nothing can be done without rods; and these have first to be called for at the shepherd's. A quiet, far-off place it is, this shieling upon the moors, with the drone of bees about, and the bleating of sheep. The shepherd himself is away to the "big house" about some "hogs," but his wife, a weather-grey woman of sixty, with rough hospitable hands and kindly eyes, says that maybe Jeanie will take a rod to the becks. Jeanie, by her dark glance, is pleased with the liberty; and, indeed, this lithe handsome girl of fifteen will not be the least pleasant of guides, with her hair like the raven's wing, and on her clear features the thoughtful look of the hills. Here are the rods, straight ash saplings of convenient length, with thin brown lines. "Ye'll come back and take a cup o' tea; and dinna stay up there if it rains," says the goodwife, by way of parting. Jeanie is frank and interesting in speech, and with a gentle breeding little to be expected in so lonely a place. She has the step of a deer, and seems to know every tuft of grass upon the hills. For there is not so much heather in Galloway as in the Highlands. A long grey bent takes its place, and on mossy ground the white tufts of the cotton grass appear.

But here is a chance for a trial cast. A small burn comes down a side glen, and just before it joins the main stream runs foaming into a deeper pool. Keep well back from the bank, adjust a tempting worm on the hook, and drop it in just where the water runs over the stones. Let the line go: the stream carries it down into the pool. There! the bait is held. Strike quickly down stream: the trout all swim against the current. But it is not a fish; the hook has only caught on a stone. Disentangle it, and try again. This time there is no mistaking the wriggle at the end of the rod: with a jerk the hungry nibbler is whipped into the air, and alights among the grass, a dozen yards from his native pool. A plump little fish he is, his pretty brown sides spotted with scarlet, as he gasps and kicks on terra firma. Not another trout, however, can be tempted to bite in that pool—the fish are too well fed by the spate, or too timid. "There will be more to catch higher up the becks," says Jeanie. She is right. Perhaps the trout in these narrow streamlets are less sophisticated than their kind lower down, for in rivulets so narrow as almost to be hidden by the bent grass there seem plenty of fish eager to take the bait. They are darker in colour than those in the river, taking their shade from the peat, and, though small, of course, averaging about a quarter of a pound in weight, are plump, and make merry enough rivalry in the whipping of them out.

But the mists are drooping lower overhead, and a small smirking rain has been falling for some time; so, as Jeanie, at least, has a fair basketful, it will be best to put up the lines, discuss a sandwich under the shelter of the birches here, and hold a council of war. How desolate and silent are these grey hill-sides! Hardly a sheep is to be seen; the far-off cry of the curlew is the only sound heard; and as the white mists come down and shroud the mountains, there is an eerie, solemn feeling, as at the near presence of the Infinite. This, however, will never do. The rain is every moment coming down more heavily, and the small leaves of the birches are but scant protection. Off, then; home as fast as possible! The mountain maid knows a shorter way over the hill; and lightly and swiftly she leads the Indian file along the narrow sheep-path. Over there, through the grey mist and rain, appear the stone walls of a lonely sheepfold; and just below, in the channel of the beck, is the deep pool, swirling now with peaty water and foam, where every year they wash the flocks.

Here is the shepherd's wife at her door; her goodman is home. There is a great peat fire glowing on the warm hearth, and she is "masking the tea." "There is a basin of soft water in the little bed-room there, and ye'll change ye're coats and socks, and get them dried," says the kindly woman. This is real hospitality. The rough coats and thick dry socks bespeak warm-hearted thoughtfulness; and a wash in clean water after the discomforts of fishing is no mean luxury. The small, low-raftered bed-room, with quaintly-papered walls, and little window looking out upon the moors, is comfortably furnished; and the stone-floored kitchen, clean and bright and warm, with geraniums flowering in the window, has as pleasant a fireside seat as could be desired. Why should ambition seek more than this, and why are so many hopeless hearts cooped up in the squalid city? Here comes Jeanie down from the "loft," looking fresher and prettier than ever in her dry wincey dress, with a little bit of blue ribbon at the throat. The tea is ready; her mother has fried some of the trout, and the snowy table is loaded with thick white scones, thin oatmeal cakes, home-made bramble jelly, and the freshest butter. Kings may be blest; but what hungry man needs more than this? The shepherd, too, is well-read, for is not Steele and Addison's "Spectator" there on the shelf, along with Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and the Bible? With fare like this for body and mind, Man may indeed become "the noblest work of God."

But an hour has passed too quickly; the rain has cleared at last, and away to the south and west the clouds are lifting in the sunset. Yonder, under the clear green sky glistens the treacherous silver of the Solway, and as far again beyond it in the evening light rises the dark side of Skiddaw, in Cumberland. The gravel at the door is glistening after the shower, and the yellow marigolds in the little plot are bright and opening, and the moorland air is perfumed with mint and bog-myrtle. A hearty handshake, then, from the shepherd, a warm pressing to return soon from his good wife, a pleasant smile from Jeanie, and the road must be taken down hill with a swinging step.

G. E. T.





G O N E ! !

FROM THE PICTURES IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

NEW BOOKS.

Derbyshire has many claims upon the attention of the traveller, not only for historical and literary associations, for its industrial resources and for the attractions it offers to the geologist, but also and chiefly for the beauty and variety of its scenery. County histories are, for the most part, more valuable than readable. They are frequently of great service to the student, but no one is likely to ask for them at the circulating libraries. Possibly, *A History of Derbyshire*, by John Pendleton (Elliot Stock), may prove an exception to this rule. It is designed for popular service, and dwells chiefly upon points of general interest. The reader must look elsewhere for a history of the county that will satisfy the antiquary and the topographer; but Mr. Pendleton supplies what the titlepage offers—"A Popular County History." The points of significance in a book like this are so numerous that the reviewer whose space is restricted finds selection difficult. Many are the associations of this beautiful county. At Whittington still stands, in a woefully dilapidated condition, the "Revolution House" where, in 1688, the patriots met who brought over the Prince of Orange. "I calculate we would gladly give you White House, at Washington, for this doll's cottage," was the remark of an American who made a pilgrimage to the spot. At Castleton the ruins of the castle built by William Peveril remind the tourist of Sir Walter Scott. At Haddon Hall you may stand in the long Elizabethan gallery and see the door leading to the terrace by which Dorothy Vernon, the heiress of the estate, eloped on a ball night with her lover, Sir John Manners. At Bolsover, linked to the memories of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the imperious Bess of Hardwick, the first Charles was twice entertained with extravagant splendour; and thither came the Laureate Ben Jonson to prepare a masque for the occasion. Mr. Pendleton, by-the-way, might have mentioned that the gloomy old castle has a bed-room known as "Hell," and another called Heaven. Chatsworth, the principal show-place of Derbyshire, with its manufactured little village, Edensor, has no doubt many attractions, and the situation is charming. But, being a show-place, through which the tourist is hurried with a mass of sightseers, one feels rather glad to escape again both from the gardens and the house. How is it possible to examine fine pictures and sculpture as one of a moving crowd? And to many lovers of art the penalty of an inspection like this exceeds the pleasure. Yet there are treasures innumerable in that vast ducal residence; and it was said by Walpole that "all the wood-carving in England fades away before that of Gibbons at Chatsworth." As for scenery, Dovedale, we think, has been overpraised, and the natural charms of Matlock Bath and the neighbourhood, great though they be, are injured by the money-making, Margate-like tactics of the tradespeople. Moreover, the pedestrian is annoyed by toll-collectors on the hills, so that the sense of free enjoyment is lost. The Derbyshire folk are not, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the importance of preserving the primitive beauty of the county. Mr. Pendleton regards the railway that runs through Mousdale as "a real blessing." It may be so, but it has done much to injure one of the very loveliest scenes in Derbyshire. And before long another iron line is destined to skirt Hathersage, Hope, and Castleton, the most magnificent scenery of the Peak. This invasion of the mountain solitude appears to have the full approval of Mr. Pendleton. Our space, though not our subject, is exhausted. We wanted to say something about Dr. Johnson at Ashbourne, about Dinah Bede, and the

spots familiar to George Eliot; about Cromford and Richard Arkwright; about the cottage at Mayfield, where Moore wrote "Lalla Rookh," whither with more love than knowledge of poetry the present writer once made a youthful pilgrimage; and about many quaint Derbyshire customs now for the most part obsolete. Readers, however, who want to know more about a county full of attractions for tourists, especially if pedestrians, will do well to consult Mr. Pendleton.

In spite of the author's somewhat warm affection for slang terms and for the kind of humour that may be better described as fun, readers will find Mr. Percy Clarke, author of *The New Chum* in Australia (Virtue and Co.), an agreeable companion. The volume, which professes to describe the scenery, life, and manners of Australians in town and country, is illustrated with forty original sketches by the author. So original are some of them that the artist suggests, which is not strictly true, that they may be viewed "either from the top, bottom, or sides." "New chum" is a colonial term for a recently arrived colonist, who is supposed to be in a state of crass ignorance with regard to everything "until he has had his ignorance cleared up and his vacant mind stored with colonial experience." Some of this experience Mr. Clarke seems to have speedily acquired, and he has turned it to good account. Melbourne, with its wide streets and open gutters, is not, in his opinion, as healthy as it ought to be; the odours in warm weather remind him of the two-and-seventy stenches Coleridge discovered in Cologne, and he observes that typhoid is far too common a visitor. The public buildings are said to be fine, and the suburban villas charming; but the roads to them are so rough "that it is dangerous for an unbetrothed couple to ride together in the same vehicle, for the bumps and jars and jolts they will receive will be constantly throwing them into one another's arms." And the writer adds, "One has to take especial care in this direction, for Melbourne ladies are already too dangerously enchanting, without such additional assistance as this." Attractive though Melbourne is, it has its drawbacks, one of them being the mosquitoes, and another is the barrack-like building occupied by the Governor. "I should be sorry," says Mr. Clarke, "to disappoint Victorians, but I must confess that I should firmly refuse the Governorship on the occasion of the next vacancy unless they promised to rebuild the Government House in better style." And there is another drawback to Melbourne life more important still; for the sluggish, dirty Yarra-Yarra is said to be laden with foul odours. Far different is the lovely Hawkesbury River, near Sydney, praised by Anthony Trollope as exceeding all the rivers he had known in beauty. Sydney itself has a position unrivalled in Australia, and a harbour large enough to hold all the navies of the world. It contains also a large number of sharks, some of which are said to be twelve feet long and six feet in circumference. The scenery around the harbour is delightful, and the excursionist in his country rambles may "have the excitement occasionally of meeting a snake face to face, and engaging with the enemy in deadly battle." Education is so advanced in the public schools that a servant, on being asked what she could do, while confessing she had never cooked a chop or boiled a potato, proved her qualifications by saying, "Oh, please, mum, I can do algibrer, inum!" Writing of Brisbane, Mr. Clarke observes that the scenery is quiet and unobtrusive; but the monotony of the foliage of the gum-trees excited his aversion, and he was told by a friend that "it takes a matter of twenty years to educate a man up to Australian scenery." The traveller prefers the

variety of English scenery even to the much-vaunted charms of Tasmania. "Nature," he writes, "seems in these vast tracts of bush over which one looks from hill and mountain side, in these intensely blue-green undergrowth of confused foliage, and in these cold, bare gum-trees, to be too melancholy, too sombre; she depresses, she oppresses." Yet William Howitt, writing of Tasmanian scenery, said: "It is England all over." On the whole, "The New Chum" is a book from which the reader is likely to gain amusement and knowledge.

It will suffice, perhaps, to announce the publication of vol. xiii. of *The Antiquary* (Elliot Stock), for this magazine, devoted to the study of the past, is too well known to need praise from the reviewer. Among the subjects of prominent interest in the volume, which covers six months of the present year, is an elaborate account, from original sources, of Beatrice Cenci and her infamous family. It is well known that the tragedy as conceived by Shelley is wholly out of accordance with the facts, and that the crime of Beatrice has no kind of justification which calls for sympathy. Mr. Davey relates the horrid story as it was told at the time in the law courts. It should be remembered, however, that before making their confessions the criminals were tortured. We may mention, too, especially worthy of reading, the papers on the streets of Plymouth and of Derby, both of which are illustrated; and an article "On Some Miniature Painters and Enamellers who have Flourished in England," by J. J. Foster. The subject is not one that can be adequately treated in a single part, and we are glad to see that it is to be continued. The interest of the work is not, however, wholly dependent upon elaborate articles like these. It is full of information upon subjects quite as likely to attract the general reader as the antiquary.

The steamer Chybassa left Gravesend on Thursday week with ninety-six single men, ninety-three single women, and ninety-four families for the Queensland ports.

In connection with the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, an Industrial Exhibition was opened on Thursday week at Bingley Hall by the Mayor. Sir W. Dawson, the President of the British Association, took part in the proceedings.

From the report of the Committee of Council on Education in Scotland, it appears that there are 592,266 children in the 3081 day schools visited by the inspectors in the year ending Sept. 30, 1885. Of these 120,353 were under seven years of age, 432,105 between seven and thirteen, 27,056 between thirteen and fourteen, and 12,752 above fourteen. On the day of the inspector's visit 521,417 were present, of whom 455,102, having made the requisite number of attendances, were qualified to be examined; 58,533 were actually present for collective and 355,278 for individual examination. Each scholar examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic made an average of 2.73 passes in the three subjects. The improvement manifested since the passing of the Education Act in 1872 is steadily maintained. The school pence have increased in the year by £1009, and now amount to £290,121; and the annual Government grants rose in the year from £402,791 to £410,995. 10,252 scholars were qualified for examination, out of which number 7675 were actually examined; 93.29 per cent passed in reading, 86.46 in writing, and 75.71 in arithmetic. In the day schools 6365 certified teachers are at work, while the seven training colleges were attended in 1885 by 856 students.

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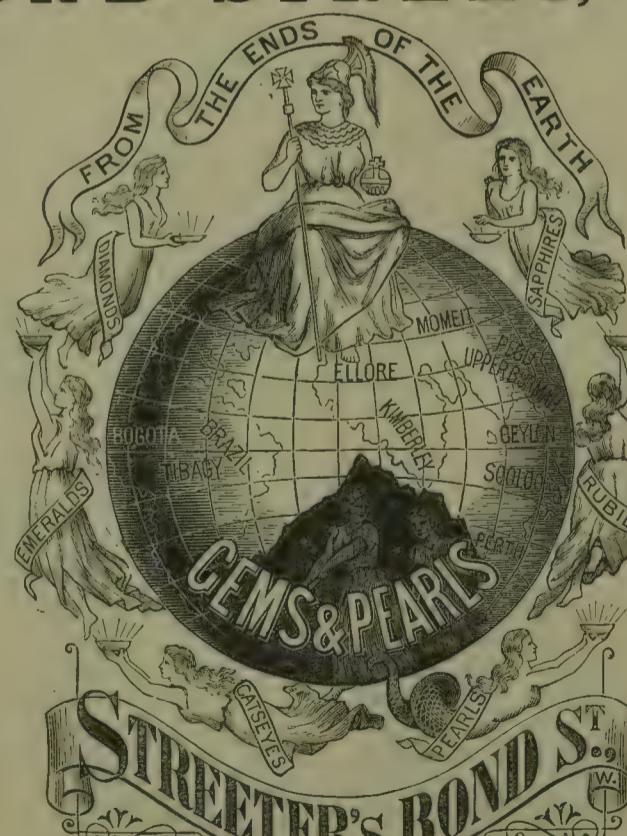
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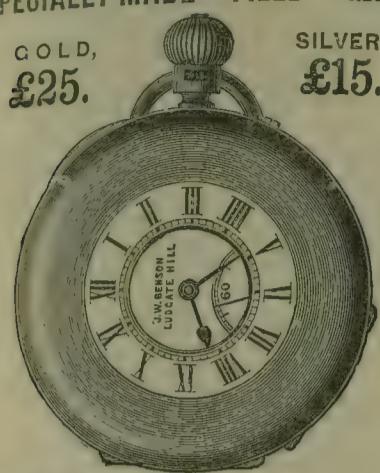
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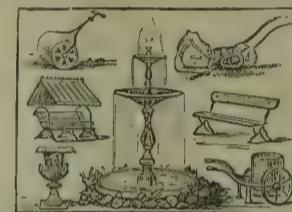


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HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

DRESDEN.

"I suppose you won't go away from these parts without seeing Saxon-Switzerland?" said a lady to me at table d'hôte this afternoon. "I am afraid I shall, Madame," was my reply. "Oh, that will be a pity; it is so fine. It seems as if there had been some terrible convulsion of Nature which had flung mountains of rock from the very centre of the earth. You must go." "No, Madame, I shall not go. I prefer humanity to mountains; and I am travelling now to see pictures and towns, and not rocks." And this is the reason why I have stayed a whole week in Dresden, which is certainly a most pleasant town. Herder called it the "German Florence"; somebody else has named it the "Fatherland of Rocco." This latter gentleman, I imagine, meant to sneer. But why sneer at the "rocco" style? For my part, I find the Zuringer Palace, with its green copper roofs, its bulging minarets, its pavilions adorned with pretty chubby statues and flower-garlanded caryatids, a most amusing and at the same time rich monument. Its sweeping staircases and ornate terraces, its prim gardens and abundant fountains form a fitting frame for rich costumes and courtly leisure. It is a palace for a lettered monarch who loves art and all that is beautiful and elegant and amiable. The vast squares and open spaces, daintily paved and surrounded by ornate churches and palaces and theatres, the terrace of the famous Count Bruhl, bordering the Elbe, the riverside gardens, the broad clean streets, all contribute to make Dresden a charming place. One would like to live in such a city. Unfortunately there is no opening for a foreigner. I looked into the matter the other day, and found that every place was filled up. There is an English church and an American church, an English social club, an English football club, with president, treasurer, and secretary: English schools, English grocers, English bakers; the tram-cars are furnished by a Philadelphia firm, and an English guide-book is published here. In fact, the only opening I can think of for a foreigner would be to found a society for promoting a movement in favour of the prolongation of the visiting hours in German museums. One man might fill the office of president, treasurer, and secretary, and so reduce the expenses. But the matter really deserves attention. Imagine that every museum is closed at three o'clock, and some at one. The hours of opening vary with the days of the week. Some days, entrance is free; other days, you pay sixpence or a shilling; and, in spite of careful study of local indicators, you are constantly finding closed doors and notices, "Closed To-day." The consequence is, that if you wish to see all the collections in a town, all the museums and all the palaces, you have to stay a week or ten days, much to the advantage of the hotel keepers. This has been my fate. In the mornings I have worked hard with catalogues and a new pair of superior rock-crystal eye-glasses studying the museums. The collection of old masters surpasses all that I had expected. The collection of arms and armour is unique in historical completeness and in the beauty of individual pieces. The collection of porcelain is peculiarly interesting for a lover of old Saxe. The Grüne Gewölbe is a dazzling monument of Royal bad taste and expensive folly; but, at the same time, rich in beautiful specimens of the goldsmiths' art, which one wishes to examine at leisure. Why not open these galleries more liberally? One would willingly pay gate-money; but it is most irritating to be turned out when the daylight is still brilliant. What can one do with the rest of the day?

Here in Dresden people eat at the most unheard of hours. At the hotel the tables d'hôte are at one p.m. and 4.30 p.m. What can one do? Well, the chief and most lasting resource is drinking beer and contemplating the Elbe. There is a restaurant and café overhanging the river itself; there are restaurants and cafés on the Bruhl terrace, commanding lovely views of the town and the river; there are restaurants and cafés on the hills in the outskirts; and all day long, from morning until night, you see people sitting at little tables, drinking beer, eating veal or sausages and brown bread, and talking in an undertone. There are men, women, and children: the women doing woolwork or household darning, the children playing discreetly, and each and all taking from time to time deep draughts out of enormous pots of beer. One wonders when the Germans work; and yet they do work, for Dresden is a thriving city, with fine shops, and much traffic in the streets, and steamers and barges plying on the river all day. But still, there is evidently much spare time in the market; and beer and coffee cost only three-halfpence a pot and cup. These Saxons, however, are much more polished than the Bavarians; and though their cooking leaves much to be desired, their restaurants and cafés are much more pleasant, and more civilised than those of Munich. And so, during the long afternoons and evenings, after I was rung out of the museums and picture galleries, I have been loafing in these pleasant and hospitable open-air cafés, and observing the peaceful Saxons' commonplace way of living. I have also spent some afternoons at the Zoological Gardens, where the great attraction is a company of Sioux Indians and cow-boys, who ride and wear war-paint daily from four to six. At the Dresden theatre the great attraction is D'Oyly Carte's company and "The Mikado." The Dresden street-boys are all whistling Sullivan's music. The *Times*, *Standard*, and *Telegraph* are on sale at the principal news-stands; and Worcestershire sauce and Colman's mustard are to be had for the asking in all the restaurants. Progress, you see, finds no opposition in Dresden.

VIENNA.

Everybody will tell you that Vienna is a delightful place, that life there is as gay as it is in Paris, that the cooking is quite passable, and the music the best that Strauss can produce. In reality, the cooking is a little superior to German cooking, but it is still detestable. I have tried the six best restaurants in the city, and I have failed to find any decent soup, a well-grown salad, or a vegetable presented in an acceptable manner. I consider this experiment conclusive, and pronounce Vienna to be, therefore, only an inferiorly civilised place. Its civilisation gives one the impression of having been forced, and hastily organised. Twenty years ago, Vienna was an old city of rather tortuous streets, lined on either side with tall houses, which kept the thoroughfares cool and shady in summer. One fine day, stimulated by the example of Napoleon III. and M. Hausmann, the Emperor decided to abolish the fortifications of Vienna, and to encourage architecture and the fine arts in a grandiose manner. The builders and stone-hewers have been at work ever since, and the result is that what is left of old Vienna is surrounded by a belt of gorgeous palaces and monumental edifices both private and public, erected in the Ring Strasse, which runs all round the city on the site of the old fortifications. There is a splendid Gothic votive church, a Gothic townhall, a Parliament House resembling a conglomeration of Greek temples, surmounted by divinities driving four-horse chariots; there are museums, fine art academies, Stock Exchange, Court Theatre, Imperial Opera House, Comic Opera House, music academies, all in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and adorned with statues

and more divinities and chariots of a Hellenic type; then there are private palaces and public palaces—otherwise called hotels—and immense blocks for shops and dwellings; there are gardens here and there—Volks Garten, Hof Garten, Stadt Park. All this brand new, white, dazzling, and ostentatiously demanding admiration. Certainly, a tremendous effort has been made, and enormous expenditure; but after all there is little or no originality in all this new Viennese architecture of which we have heard so much. It is big, massive, showy, over-decorated, and, with the exception of the votive church on the Maximilian Platz, I cannot mention a modern Viennese building which has that elegance of silhouette and harmonious ensemble which make an architectural work thoroughly admirable. I speak of the general impression of this Ring Strasse, because the circular street was conceived as a whole, and criticism of the whole is invited. It is usual to compare the Ring Strasse with the Parisian boulevards. The comparison, however, can be established only with a little straining. The Parisian boulevards have little or no architectural pretensions; they depend for their charm on their shady footpaths, in the first place; on the profusion of shops and cafés; and, above all, on the animation given to them by the population. The Ring Strasse is nearly twice the breadth of the boulevards, and has double side-walks, and in many places a riding-alley; but its trees are miserable specimens of arboriculture; its pavement is partly gravel, which over-watering turns into mud, and partly big granite blocks, which wound light-shod feet. Above all, there is a terrible lack of shade; and this fact, together with the immense width of the street, and the new look of the huge buildings, gives an impression of nakedness and unfinishedness. Horrible as the opinion may seem, I consider Chicago, for instance, to have far more character and originality than new Vienna. In the bigness of its monuments, Chicago can decidedly vie with Vienna, and often beat it, at least in height. Unfortunately, Chicago does not possess a Belvedere Gallery or an Albertina, the latter very sparingly opened to the public for a few hours twice a week. However, we are here in an Imperial country, and must therefore be thankful for small mercies. One feels really quite flattered to find that the door-porter, with his gilt staff and livery of barbaric splendour, allows one to enter these Imperial palaces at all.

Life in Vienna in the summer season does not appear to afford many attractions to the visitor, for I see that some patriotic Viennese have formed a "Society for Promoting the Affluence of Foreigners" to their city. Hitherto, I do not think they have done very much. When once you have walked round Vienna and across and across, and seen the monuments and the collections, there is not much left. You have the long evenings before you, and the programme is blank. The only amusement is a concert in the Volks Garten, with a military band, or Edward Strauss' band two nights a week. You go to the Volks Garten: it is delightful. In the middle is an exact reproduction of the Athenian temple of Theseus; and to the left is a restaurant and the Temple of Harmony, where the band plays. The restaurant is in the open air; the tables are full: but there is no animation, no sound of talking, no triumphant "Boum" of swift-footed waiters. Oh, no: the waiters move slowly, and the visitors drink their beer slowly. and Strauss—"Der schöne Edi," as they call him—intercalates an entr'acte of at least fifteen minutes between each piece which he deigns to conduct. Not gay at all the Volks Garten: and even Strauss' music seemed much more lively when I heard it performed at the opera ball in Paris. But is there no other resort except the Volks Garten? There is the Opera; but one does not care to go to the opera in August. Then there is the famous Prater, where the "swells" go to ride and drive, and the populace to see "Punch and Judy," and to shoot at egg-shells, or to ride on wooden horses. Yet another delusion this Prater: it is the Foire de Neuilly, without the animation. Imagine that the wooden horses or carousels are boxed up in permanent wooden houses, so that you cannot stand in a ring and see the pretty maidens whirling round on the backs of griffins and sea-monsters to the grating notes of a steam-organ!

I give my impression frankly: so far as concerns the museums, I am delighted; but as for the charms of Vienna as a city, I do not find them equal to their reputation. On the contrary, the "Society for Promoting the Affluence of Foreigners to Vienna," seems to me to have a busy and glorious future before it.

BUDA-PESTH.

After a journey of six hours through grain and pasture land, I arrived at Pesth at nine o'clock at night. A rickety four-wheeled cab whirled me through a maze of streets, and finally deposited me at the door of the Grand Hôtel Hungaria ("Hungaria nagy szálloda"). I was conducted to a bed-room, and from my window I beheld a magnificent moonlit landscape; the broad Danube, up and down and across which steamers are plying; on either side the quays are brilliantly illuminated; to the right is the immense suspension-bridge, and beyond it the hill on which stands the castle and fortress of Buda; in front a valley dotted with lights; to the left the steep androwning rock crowned by the Blocksberg fortress. After contemplating for a while this fine panorama I went down-stairs to seek refreshment, and, at the foot of the staircase, I saw an inscription in Russian, Hungarian, German, French, and English, indicating the dining-room. It was a vast hall, white, with silvered iron pillars and a sliding roof, decorated with palm-trees and flowers, and at one end was a Tsigane band pouring forth tumultuous waves of passionate music. The impression was dazzling and delightful; and while listening to these wonderful musicians I proceeded, with considerable success, to sample the Hungarian bill of fare. I took a "Husleves" (which is a gravy soup), a "Fogas Tatar Martassal" (which means sterlet with Tartare sauce), and a "Czigan Gulyas" (which means a Tsigane hash seasoned with red pepper), a "Hagenbergi Sajt" (which means Hagenberg cheese), some "Szölö" (which means grapes), and some white Hungarian wine. This was altogether satisfactory, and after a digestive promenade along the Danube on the "Ferencz József rakpart," I went to bed happy.

The next day I proceeded to inspect the town. Happily, there are no museums of any importance to be visited, and no monuments of any special interest at Pesth or across the river at Buda either. Buda, with its hill-fort and castle, and its white houses climbing up the slopes, tier above tier, is picturesque and amusing; Pesth is a modern town with fine buildings, broad streets, handsome shops, tramways, telephones, and innumerable cafés. The shops of Pesth are remarkable for their signs; every word used in an inscription is explained by a picture. A grocery-shop window is surrounded by coarse paintings of sugar-loaves, coffee, rice, tea, and all the other wares sold inside; a stove-dealer paints his shop front with pictures of every imaginable form of heating apparatus; the barbers exhibit pictures of ladies and gentlemen undergoing various tonsorial operations. I suppose that primary education is not very advanced amongst the Hungarian peasantry, and so signs are necessary for their guidance. Perhaps, too, the Magyars

are not very sure of their spelling, and so, in order to avoid mistakes, they accompany each word with a picture. At any rate, it is convenient for the stranger who does not speak the language, and who can only confess his utter helplessness when he finds Joseph spelt with a z—"József," and Philip with two tremas, thus—"Fülöp." The Hungarians appear to be strongly attached to their language, for it is very rare to find a German inscription in Buda-Pesth. The streets are all named in Hungarian, and the stranger, therefore, being unable to pronounce the promiscuous combination of consonants and accents which forms a Hungarian word, cannot even ask his way.

However, such small details as these are of no consequence; and during the three days I have spent here I have inspected the whole town, and travelled without inconvenience in steam-boats and tramways and mountain railways over the environs of the city. My impression is that Buda-Pesth is a very charming town, and I am only surprised to find no visitors here to speak of—neither English, nor American, nor French, nor German. And yet material attractions are not wanting. There are fine hotels, excellent restaurants, a beautiful wood for afternoon driving, delightful baths, and a promenade along the Danube which is simply magnificent. This is the Corso or Franz Joseph Quay, a fine street reserved exclusively for foot passengers, planted with acacia-trees, under which are rows of chairs. On one side is the river, and on the other some of the finest buildings in Pesth, interspersed with gardens and cafés. In the morning you take your tea or coffee on the Corso, with the splendid panorama of the Blocksberg and of Buda before you. In the evening, between six and eight o'clock, all Pesth appears on the quay. Rarely have I seen a more elegant parade of beauty and fashion than this evening promenade at Pesth. The ladies of Pesth are singularly well formed, and dressed as perfectly as if they had passed through the hands of the best Parisian *couturières*. The gay costumes of the women and the varied uniforms of the officers, who appear in great force, contribute to make a very charming foreground; and nothing could be more grandiose than the background of Buda and the Danube reddening in the glow of the setting sun.

I expected to see more native costume; but English cheviots and English and French fashions are fast driving national costume into museums. The peasants and stevedores still remain in part faithful to their high-heeled top-boots, their white plaited petticoat, and their short jackets adorned with more buttons than are necessary. You see, also, many peasant women with red check short petticoats and heavy top-boots; but, as far as my observation goes, the women of the lower classes go barefoot generally, and wrap up their heads in gaudy yellow kerchiefs. Imagine what a brilliant picture the market-quay must be. Along the water's edge are planted hundreds of huge white umbrellas; the pavement is covered with heaps of water-melons, with here and there one cut open, to show its rosy cool pulp; in baskets are fruit and vegetables and fowls, and all the odd things that you find in a provision market; and amidst these umbrellas the women do their bargaining, each wearing on her head a gaudy kerchief of red or yellow or blue, and each one pronouncing with facility those strange promiscuous combinations of accents and consonants which constitute the Hungarian language.

T.C.

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

The charms of English rural scenery are felt by cultivated and refined minds to be eminently congenial with the best aspects of our social life. Nature, kindly and prudently treated by successive generations of landowners, with the co-operation of honest and thrifty tenants and docile labourers throughout many generations, and carefully adorned by the taste of those who cherished an hereditary affection for the stately seats of their ancestors, the old nobility and gentry of this country, reflects in scenes of ordered beauty the moral grace of these domestic virtues which are not yet extinct in our nation. Centuries of peace, of wise and just rule, of faithful industry and neighbourly goodwill, are represented in the aspect of a well-kept park, where the mansion rises amidst fine trees, sequestered in a sheltering mass of various foliage; the hay-makers are busy, raking up and piling the fragrant loads of summer grass cut beneath a warm and sunny sky; women are making the lawn tidy, removing the fallen leaves; while a single idler, on the bank of the placid river, diverts himself with the pastime of fishing. The proprietor of this English paradise may be content just now without a seat in the Cabinet, or even a seat in Parliament; as Thomson sings—

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
Sure peace is his; a solid life, secured
From disappointment and fallacious hope;
Rich in content; in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or boms the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry gleb whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap;
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating muttons; nor the chiding streams,
Nor humming bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless bœf, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beside of prospect, hill, or grove.
Dim grotoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear,
Here too dwells simple truth, plain innocence,
Unsullied beauty, sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.

The autumn exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists was opened to the public on Monday. Altogether, 900 pictures are hung, as compared with 823 last year. No fewer than thirteen or fourteen members and associates of the Royal Academy, including its president, Sir F. Leighton, have sent works for exhibition.

General Sir Archibald Alison, commanding at Aldershot, has issued his remarks upon the recent great field-day in that district, in which several thousand Volunteers took part with the regular troops. He notices a marked improvement in the way in which the Volunteer battalions worked in attack formation, and strongly advises officers commanding Volunteer corps to extend the drill and instruction in that which has become the fighting formation of the present day.—Last Saturday several important Volunteer rifle contests were brought to a close with the shooting at Woodford for the Holms Challenge Cup; at Wimbledon, for prizes by the London Scottish; and at Rainham, Essex, for the prizes presented to the 2nd London Rifles by various City companies. The principal of several other events concluded was the annual competition of the Honourable Artillery Company of London for the Prince of Wales's and a long list of other prizes presented to the regiment. At Rainham, nearly one hundred members of the 2nd London Rifles competed for a long list of prizes presented by the Worshipful Companies of Drapers, Fishmongers, Grocers, Ironmongers, Joiners, Mercers, Merchant Taylors, Saddlers, Salters, Skinners, the Ward of Farringdon Without, and other donors.



AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

DRAWN BY GEORGE SEYMOUR.

AT A VILLAGE CRICKET-MATCH.

It is not every village that has its regular, organised cricket club; but there are very few parishes now which cannot find a scratch team to maintain its honour amongst its neighbours. It requires an athletic Curate, or an active schoolmaster, or someone of light, leading, and leisure, to keep up an efficient body to the first ranks of rural cricketing fame; while as often as not it happens that the old Rector can manage his own parochial wants, that the national school is in the hands of a mistress, and that the Squire's family is either all girls or too young to take a leading part in the matter. But the farmer may have a pupil with him, or the shopkeeper's son may have time to arrange an occasional match; and so, after all, Fallowfield can send word to Plowington that they are quite prepared to give the inhabitants of that benighted hamlet a good beating. Plowington, however, rejoices in its own club, and so, with a chuckle, sends back word, "Come on."

If the young gentleman who has either taken upon himself, or been elected by a kind of process of natural selection, to the onerous but important post of captain of the scratch eleven, has deferred sending his challenge till harvesting operations have commenced, his post will be no sinecure. Two of the best players—in fact, the best bowler and wicket-keeper—of the district are "jobbing about" at binding, and their services are not to be had. The favourite batsman will come if it is not too fine a day, as he, too, ought to be in the wheat-field. Another will not be seen playing on the same side with an individual with whom he has "had words." Three will not give definite answers till the morning of the match; but he may reckon that two will be in the negative. At last, after superhuman efforts, he finds himself on a ground borrowed for the match from a third village, as neither club possesses a level "pitch," and the usual rule on the subject has been quietly ignored, with seven men round him, two more who are said to be coming, and one place unfilled, for which he enlists the services of a lad of thirteen, who had come to see the game. The Plowington men, in violet and orange caps, drive up in a waggon, under the captaincy of the Curate. A slight argument as to the length of the ground, and the position of the creases being amicably decided, the toss is in favour of the Fallowfield side, who are obliged to go to the wickets, whether they wished to or not, as their two friends—one of whom is a Frenchman staying near—have not yet arrived. It takes some time to get the field in place, but at last it is done, and Fallowfield sends out its two "crack" bats, whose pads and faces promise great things.

One requires a sympathetic education to appreciate rural cricket. The habitué of Lord's would go down prepared to criticise form and play. This is a mistake. One should look on with an intention to be pleased, and, in fact, adopt the standpoint of George Meredith, from whose ever-brilliant pen we have some of the very best descriptions of country play and matches that could be written. He has caught exactly the spirit requisite for a due enjoyment of the scene. One should remember that, for by far the greater part, the men have only a very little time to devote to practice of the game, and if the fielding is loose; and some easy catches are missed now and then, while the longstop has a decided objection to facing swift balls, the consequence being a considerable number of "byes," we are not called upon to see how much science can be brought to bear upon the subject, but have come to witness the favourite recreation of hundreds of our country lads and young men.

Play goes on quietly during the first innings of both sides. The Fallowfield "best bat" has been unexpectedly bowled for two runs, and the second favourite has succumbed in running for nothing. These disappointments are atoned for by moderate scores on the parts of three who were not expected to do much. In about an hour and a quarter the whole side is out for forty-seven runs. Plowington goes in immediately. The first hit goes for three, amid loud applause from the rest of the team, but the second ball takes the middle stump of the Curate's partner. His substitute is soon dismissed for one run, and so it goes on through the innings, which closes for seventy-nine, the Curate (who used to be captain of his college eleven), carrying out his bat for sixty.

By this time the players are beginning to get hungry and thirsty. The call for victuals and drink becomes clamorous. The score-book is moved from the table, and its place is occupied by a basket of squares of cheese, highly suggestive of best yellow washing soap; while a small clothes-basket stands on the ground beside the table, in which repose several four-pound loaves, baked the same morning, and subdivided into tenths. Sometimes, but not invariably, some lettuces or cucumbers—these last are eaten something in the manner of apples, the peel being removed and solid hunches cut off with a pocket-knife—form portions of the refreshment. A nine-gallon cask of beer stands on an inverted wheelbarrow, and two or three dozen bottles of ginger-beer are at hand. In spite of the popular belief that one is not up to much active work after a heavy meal, in which new bread has played a considerable part, all the cricketers will eat and drink a very creditable amount, as they discuss particular points of interest in the two former innings. Occasionally, one or other of the clubs provides the refreshment of this sort, it being understood in that case that when the return-match is played the other side will evince the same liberality. More often, however, it is paid for by a subscription of from six-pence to a shilling each from the players—evidence enough that the rustic really appreciates a game, as he never attempts to evade the payment, nor ever asks that it shall be done for him. There are numbers of lads and men who are quite ready to give up half a day's work occasionally to join in the game.

By the time that they have sufficiently refreshed themselves, the men around will be leaving off work, and as soon as it is time to resume play there will be quite an appreciative and critical array of bystanders. The second innings are much more amusing than the first; and to listen to the comments of the lookers-on forms a pleasing variety to watching the play. "Ah! I know Tom's round-arms 'ud be some bit too much for them," remarks an aged ploughman. "There isn't a'ar a man roun' what can stan' them." "There, just thee bide till Job 've a got the bat," retorts a backer of Fallowfield; "he'll put 'em about, I knaws." The time-honoured joke about "having that ther duck's egg bwoiled fur breakfast" greets every individual who has failed to add a figure to the score; while those who have not done much towards the sum total hear an equally Joe Millerian remark in "Here's another good man gone wrong." Those who have made a good stand are vigorously clapped, as, with a grin of satisfaction on their sunburnt, red faces, they come up to the scoring-table and ask, "What's that to me?"

Will there be time to play the match out before seven, when stumps are to be drawn? No, probably not. It is all done perfectly honestly, and though the Fallowfield men feel that the chances are against them, they are not trying to hold back to force a draw. They complete their innings for 112 runs at a quarter past six, thus leaving the Plowington men with ninety to make in three quarters of an hour. They would probably do more runs easily, and they go in with the intention of playing carefully. When the umpire

calls "Time" they have made twenty-nine runs for the loss of one wicket. Each side is quite satisfied with the result; they go to the beer barrel, and finish up what is left in an amicable manner, and each captain congratulates the other side on a capital game, and promises a more decisive result next time. The Plowington team drives off, cheering lustily; some of the Fallowfield men remain, as an accordion has arrived, and there are a few girls on the field, so there may be a turn at dancing, and even kiss-in-the-ring. But there will be no horseplay, no "rough work," and all will be over by dark. One may see the English rustic under very favourable conditions at a cricket-match. He plays fairly, he avoids bad language, he does not try to take more drink than is good for him, and he very seldom loses his temper, unless the umpire is obviously unfair.

The rural cricketing season almost always winds up with a "Married v. Single" match. The former, in this, as in much else, are invariably worsted; but they take their defeat with equanimity, and say, "Cricket is very well for bwoys and young folks." We know one instance in which all the men and boys employed on one farm have challenged those on another of equal magnitude, and the contest is looked forward to with great interest, as a larger cask of beer than usual and a ham are to be provided. The betting, we understand, is even.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. Gladstone has published a pamphlet upon the Irish Question—bearing on the title-page the text, "When the fruit is brought forth, he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come"—in which he relates how the idea of Home Rule grew in his mind; and then he considers the lessons of the late General Election, and the causes of his defeat. He concludes thus:—

If I am not egregiously wrong in all that has been said, Ireland has now lying before her a broad and even way in which to walk to the consummation of her wishes. Before her eyes is opened that same path of constitutional and peaceful action, of steady, free, and full discussion, which has led England and Scotland to the achievements of all their pacific triumphs. Like the walls of Jericho, falling, not in blood and conflagration, but at the trumpets' peal, so, under the action of purely moral forces, have a hundred fortresses of prejudice, privilege, and shallow prescription successively given way. It is the potent spell of legality which has done all this, or enabled it to be done. The evil spirit of illegality and violence has thus far had no part or lot in the political action of Ireland since, through the Franchise Act of 1885, she came into that inheritance of adequate representation from which she had before been barred. Ireland, in her present action, is not to be held responsible for those agrarian offences, which are in truth the indication and symptom of her disease; from which her public opinion has, thorough the recent beneficial action, become greatly more estranged; and to which she herself ardently entreats, us to apply the only effectual remedy, by such a reconciliation between the people and the law, as is the necessary condition of civilised life. The moderation of the Irish demands, as they were presented and understood in the Session of 1886, has been brightly reflected in the calm, confiding, and constitutional attitude of the nation. I make no specific reference to the means that have been used in one deplorable case, under guilty recommendations from above, with a view to disturbing this attitude, and arresting the progress of the movement; for I believe that the employment of such means and the issuing of such recommendations will eventually aid the cause they were designed to injure. It is true that, in the close of the last century, the obstinate refusal of just demands, and the deliberate and dreadful acts of Ireland's enemies, drove her people widely into disaffection, and partially into the ways of actual violence. But she was then downtrodden and gagged. She has now a full constitutional equipment of all the means necessary for raising and determining the issues of moral force. She has also the strongest sympathies within, as well as beyond, these shores to cheer, moderate, and guide her. The position is for her a novel one, and in its novelty lies its only risk. But she is quick and ready of perception; she has the rapid comprehensive glance, which the Generals she has found for us have shown on many a field of battle. The qualities she has so eminently exhibited this year have already earned for her a rich reward in confidence and goodwill. There is no more to ask of her. She has only to persevere.

Speaking of the signal defeat of his proposals for the purchase and sale of land in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone says:—"I think it my duty explicitly to acknowledge that the sentence which has gone forth for the severance of the two measures is irresistible, and that the twinship, which has been for the time disastrous to the hopes of Ireland, exists no longer. At the same time, the partnership between enemies of Home Rule and enemies of the Land Bill, which has brought about this result, will now, we may hope, be dissolved."

To the pamphlet, which is dated Aug. 19, 1886, the following postscript, dated three days later, is appended:—

Since these pages were written, the principal intentions of Ministers with respect to Ireland have been announced. The statesmen who in January deemed coercive measures an absolute necessity, do not now propose them, although agrarian crime has rather increased, and Ireland has been perturbed (so they said) by the proposal of Home Rule. This is a heavy blow to coercion; and a marked sign of progress. I am concerned to say that on no other head do the announcements supply any causes for congratulation.—1. Large Irish subjects, ripe for treatment, are to be referred to Commissions for inquiry. This is a policy, while social order is in question, of almost indefinite delay.—2. Moreover, while a Commission is to inquire whether rents, or judicial rents, are or are not such as can be paid, the aid of the law for levying the present rents in November has been specially and emphatically promised. This is a marked discouragement to remissions of rent, and a powerful stimulus to evictions.—3. A project has been sketched of imposing upon the State payment of all moneys required to meet the difference between these actual rents and what the land can fairly bear. This project is in principle radically bad, and it would be an act of rapine on the Treasury of the country.—4. Whereas the greatest evil of Ireland is that its magisterial and administrative systems are felt to be other than Irish, no proposal is made for the reconstruction of what is known as "Dublin Castle" government.—5. It is proposed to spend large sums of public money on public works of all kinds for the material development of Ireland, under English authority, and Dublin Castle administration. This plan is (1) in the highest degree wasteful; (2) it is unjust to the British taxpayer; (3) it is an obvious attempt to divert the Irish nation, by pecuniary inducement, from its honourable aim of national self-government, and will as such be resented.—6. The limitation of local government in Ireland to what may at this moment be desired for Great Britain is just to none of our nationalities, rests upon no recognised principle, and is especially an unjust limitation of the Irish national desire. In my opinion, such a policy for dealing with the Irish question ought not to be, and cannot be, adopted.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which has been closed for nearly a fortnight for cleaning and repairs, was reopened on Sunday morning for Divine worship.

Mr. Thomas Brett, B.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple, has been appointed Lecturer and Reader in Equity to the Incorporated Law Society.

The Midhurst Horticultural Society held its show last week in the grounds adjoining the well-known ruins of Cowdray House, lent for the occasion by Lord Egmont. The exhibition of fruit, flowers, and vegetables was very creditable.

At Liverpool on Saturday last the ordinary movable meeting of the central executive and committee of the National Association of Journalists was held, by special invitation of Sir David Radcliffe (Mayor of Liverpool) and the hon. secretaries of the International Navigation Exhibition. The committee of administration and the committee on rules and constitutions met in the morning. The executive, together with a number of the leading journalists of Liverpool and the neighbourhood, were then entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, who proposed "Success to the Association." The president of the association, Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., being absent on the Continent, Mr. J. Mason, one of the vice-presidents, responded. At their meeting, the executive passed resolutions for the commencement of the association journal in October, and adopted a draught constitution and code of rules to be submitted to the annual conference, which will take place in November.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1885) of Mr. Raymond Pelly, late of Hollington House, Sussex, who died on June 21 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Raymond Percy Pelly, the son, and Percy Leonard Pelly, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his plate, pictures, furniture, books, household effects, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Pelly. His wife is also to have the choice of Hollington House or Silver Hill House as a residence for life; and, subject thereto, he gives all his real estate in the parish of Hollington to his son, Raymond Percy. All his real estate at Avelley, Sussex, he settles on his grandson, Charles Hamilton Raymond Pelly, but in the division of the residue of his property a sum of £10,000 is to be allowed in respect thereof. There are a few other bequests, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to make up his wife's income, with what she is entitled to under certain settlements, to £2000 per annum; and, subject thereto, as to one moiety, upon further trust, to pay an annuity of £250 to the widow of his late son, Charles Raymond; £4000 to each of his said late son's three daughters; and the remainder of the moiety to the said Charles Hamilton Raymond Pelly; and as to the other moiety, for his son the said Rev. Raymond Percy Pelly.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1884) of Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Bayley, late of No. 6, Lowndes-square, who died on June 6 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Charles Croker Barton, the nephew, and Wilson Aylesbury Stuckey, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her nephew Donald Forbes Mackenzie; and legacies to other relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her nephew the said Charles Croker Barton.

The will (dated April 7, 1883), with a codicil (dated Jan. 30, 1884), of Mrs. Susannah Trevanion, late of No. 10, Chester-square, who died on May 17 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Hugh Lindsay Antrobus, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix bequeaths her private correspondence and papers to her sister the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; her prints and pictures to her sister Mrs. Money-Coutts; and her silver plate to her cousin, Sir Francis Burdett. She appoints a sum of over £14,000 Stock, held in trust, under the will of her late father, Sir Francis Burdett, upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of Hugh Charles Trevanion, the grandson of her late husband, and a sum of £20,000, also held in trust, under the will of her father, to her said cousin, Sir Francis Burdett. There are legacies to servants and others, and the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the said Hugh Charles Trevanion.

The will (dated May 18, 1886) of Miss Anna Maria Churchill, late of Thornbury Park, Gloucestershire, who died on July 8 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Charles Churchill, the brother, and Charles Thomas Fraser Churchill, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £45,000. The testatrix gives many legacies to relatives and others; she directs the residue of her real and personal estate to be divided into thirteen parts, and these she distributes among nine of her nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1867) of Mr. Thomas Druitt, formerly of Bedford Park, Croydon, but late of No. 3, Spring-gardens, Charing-cross, who died on June 26 last, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Julia Caroline Druitt, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 4, 1886) of Mr. Henry Cuthbert Baines, late of the Norfolk Hotel, Paddington, who died on March 5 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by John Baines, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator gives all the property of any kind he is possessed of to his said brother.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1871), with three codicils (dated Oct. 4, 1881, and Dec. 4 and 9, 1885), of the Rev. James Coyte, late of Polstead Rectory, Suffolk, who died on May 28 last, was proved on July 31 by George Coyte and Charles Coyte, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £3,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £150 to the widow of his late son Arthur; and there are bequests to children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1885) of Mr. Edmund Edward Antrobus, late of No. 14, Kensington Palace-gardens, who died on May 3 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Mrs. Frances Ann Cowell and Miss Emma Maria Antrobus, the daughters, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator after making some bequests, gives the residue of his real and personal estate equally between his said two daughters.

The new deep-water entrance to the Royal Albert Docks was opened on Friday last week, when her Majesty's armoured barbette-ship Benbow and the P. and O. Royal Mail-steamer Massilia passed out into the river. The new entrance, which is the third means of access to the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, has a depth of water of 36 ft. over the sill, with a width of 80 ft. and a length of lock of 550 ft.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, the following leading members of the medical profession in the United States and Canada were made honorary members:—Dr. Billings, Surgeon-General, Washington; Dr. N. S. Davis, Chicago, President of the International Medical Congress, 1887; Dr. J. A. Grant, F.R.C.P., Ottawa, Canada, an honorary Vice-President International Medical Congress, and Ex-President College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; and Dr. W. H. Hington, Montreal, Canada, President College of Physicians and Surgeons, Quebec.

The annual gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society was held on Thursday week at Old Mar Castle, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Fife, and Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld—the latter two, with their guests, being present at the gathering. Her Majesty was not present, as was expected, in consequence of the change in the weather, rain falling somewhat heavily. The Hereditary Prince of Waldeck was present from Balmoral. Both the Fife and Farquharson clans were present in strength, and the games passed off successfully.

From the seventy-eighth annual poor-rate return for 1884-85, it appears that the total amount of poor-rates raised during the year for all purposes was £14,501,844. The sums received on account of Treasury subventions in aid of the poor-rate by boards of guardians during the year amounted to £610,709. The expenditure (excluding that defrayed out of loans) amounted to £15,731,866, of which £6,560,678 was spent on purposes altogether unconnected with the relief of the poor. Under the head of in-maintenance the expenditure was £1,921,587, and under that of out-relief £2,469,846, the other heads of expenditure making a total of £8,491,600, of which £2,418,049 was the expenditure in the metropolis.